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DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

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"It's all about telling stories.
Nothing else matters."

Graham Williams

reveals the secret of great Doctor Who!

I watched *The X Files* last night. I know, I know – I should have cottoned on by now to the fact that it's always going to be rubbish, but it just sort of *happened*. One minute it was the evening news, the next, two anodyne, smug-looking Barbie-and-Ken-with-a-career types were investigating some cheesily-plotted alien hi-jinks.

I then sat through 45 minutes of the most dull and unengaging television that has ever been foisted upon me in my 25 years as a lightly-sautéed couch potato. The leads, who have been squatting in an ungainly fashion on the front cover of every general sci-fi mag for, oh, *decades*, plodded through the adventure in their usual uninvolved way, as if mentally following the script with their fingers. The Scully woman displayed her usual beyond-the-call-of-duty dim-witted recalcitrance and dreary pig-headedness. Meanwhile, that Mulder bloke – about whom the only 'spooky' thing is his blinding lack of charisma – made his usual unlikely leaps of intuitive insight based on no relevant information or clues whatsoever.

The episode eschewed such traditional dramatic requirements as plot, conflict, structure and meaningful resolution, opting instead for the far more fashionable format of presenting the viewer with a succession of unrelated set-pieces – all for effect only – and climaxing with a *deus ex machina* finale which sadly saved our ho-hum heroes from imminent death but resolved none of the plot. A final voice-over then had the temerity to inform me that "We may never truly understand what has happened here this awful day." Too true. I'm so glad I watched to the end to hear that. There was me naively hoping for a "so *that's* what it all meant" conclusion that would have me gagging for another fast and fulfilling adventure next week. What a silly boy I am.

I have criticised *The X Files* in front of fans of the series before today, and their usual response is the cleverly-phrased and cutting "Well, it's better than *Doctor Who*." Ooh, that *hurts*. Well, sorry to those guys and all, but it's not. *Doctor Who* writers knew how to tell stories. They knew how to make their adventures thrilling and rewarding. They knew how to pull a clever and satisfying pay-off out of even the most eclectic mix of settings, characters and motives.

Don't settle for second-best. Don't let series compromise plotting in favour of attractive leads and CGI effects. Don't let a series cover up flabby story-telling by calling it part of a 'Story Arc'. Don't watch this rubbish because it's one of few fantasy shows on TV. Get UK Gold! Watch a video! Choose *Horror of Fang Rock*, choose *Image of the Fendahl*, choose *The Horns of Nimon*. Choose life.

Graham Williams understood. It's all about telling stories, he said. Nothing else matters.

Gary

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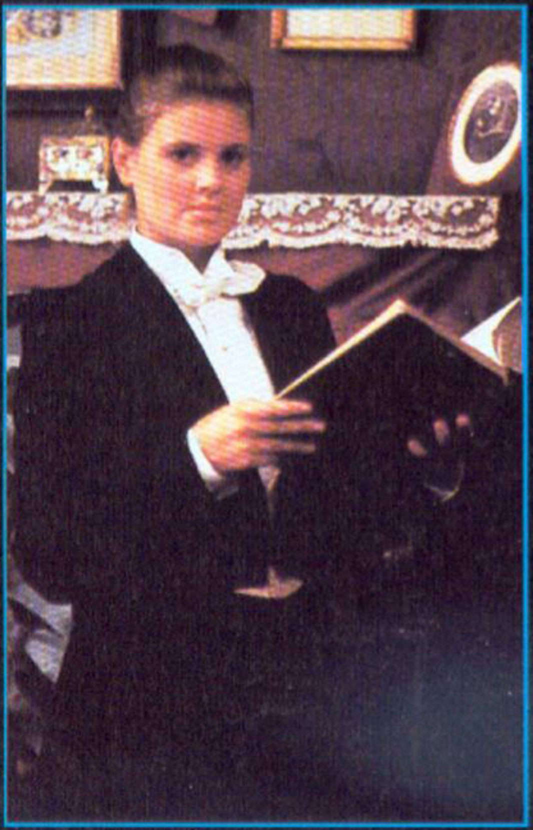

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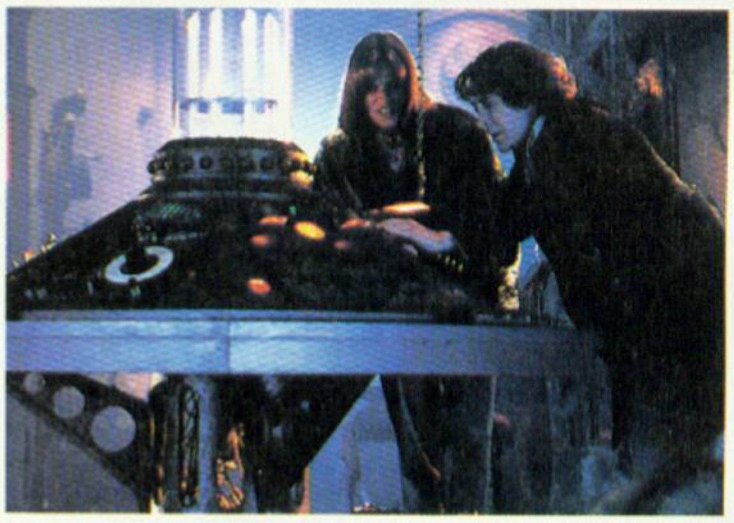
Universal extends option on new *Doctor Who*

Universal Television, the US co-production partner on last year's *Doctor Who* TV Movie, has negotiated an extension to its option on further *Doctor Who* films or episodes with BBC Worldwide. The option was originally due to expire at the end of 1996.



The announcement was made in a statement by the BBC Worldwide Press Office who, at the same time, formally confimed that the Fox Network – who had bought the US screening rights – had declined to commission more *Doctor Who* and have relinquished the 'first choice' option to do so. If BBC Worldwide and Universal wish to develop a new film before the end of 1997, they will have to find the support of another US broadcaster.

It is unclear at this stage whether or not the services of Paul McGann, who played the Doctor in the 1996 film, are retained in this extension of the Universal contract. It is strongly assumed, however, that executive producer Philip Segal has been instrumental in encouraging Universal to keep its options open, and will be closely involved if any new material is proposed in the months ahead.

Around the time of the BBC Worldwide announcement, sections of the national and local press and radio carried stories about the BBC's "cancellation" of *Doctor Who* – most notably *The Guardian* and *The Sun* newspapers, BBC Radio 2 and Virgin Radio. Their pieces were all based on a syndicated Press Association release which detailed the TV Movie's poor ratings performance in the US (drawing particular attention to its scheduling against the comedy series *Roseanne*) and contained quotes from an unnamed "senior BBC executive".

He/she said: "It was an expensive movie to make and we would have to maintain that high standard in a new TV series. But we wouldn't want to throw that amount of money at a series without a financing partner.

"It's a shame for *Doctor Who* fans. We were happy to make the film, but we knew a TV series would have to be part-financed by a US network. If *Doctor Who* has a future it is as another one-off movie."

Most reports also pointedly drew attention to *Doctor Who* as "the BBC's all-time most popular drama series", a reference to the series' poll-winning performance in November's *Auntie's All-time Greats* awards.

It now seems clear that this coverage followed in response to Fox's withdrawal from the scene. The fact that Universal has chosen to signal its continued interest in *Doctor Who* indicates that all is not lost, and that both it and Worldwide are keen to produce more material. The hunt must now be on for new Network support.

BBC Design Group shut down

The announcement of the imminent closure of the BBC's in-house Costume, Make-up and Set Design departments brings to a permanent end an association with *Doctor Who* which endured throughout the series' 26 years at BBC Television Centre. The Visual Effects department, however, is to remain in operation.

Of the 93 staff made redundant as a result of the closure – an indirect consequence of the Producer Choice programme and the reconfiguration of Design Group as an independent entity – many have racked up *Doctor Who* credits throughout the seventies and eighties. They include McCoy-era set designers John Asbridge and David Laskey, plus costume designers Dinah Collin (*Earthshock/ Enlightenment*), Ros Ebbutt (*Black Orchid/The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*) and Colin Lavers, responsible for the Fifth Doctor's distinctive look.

The axeing of a permanent talent base will mean that freelance designers may now be hired by producers as each programme goes into production, but brings down the curtain on the structured organisation that brought to the screen such remarkable images as the TARDIS interior and the Cybermen.

Tom Baker made a guest appearance at 'Space Station Pudsey' on Friday 22nd November – actually British Telecom's North Star House in Swindon, which was 'converted' as part of this year's BBC *Children in Need* appeal. Also present at the event, organised by David Latham, were former *Doctor Who* producer John Nathan-Turner, stars of sitcom *'Allo, 'Allo*, plus assorted Daleks and Cybermen. Tom and company entertained some 2,000 members of the public, including newborn friend Zoe Chapman (pictured above), daughter of the BT engineer who built the monsters on display.

Merchandise

The War Machines is earmarked for a May release by BBC Video, and it is likely – although not, as yet, guaranteed – to have material reinstated that is currently missing from the existing BBC print (as screened by UK Gold), including 'censored' excerpts recently discovered in Australia. *The Happiness Patrol* is scheduled for July, but may swap places with *The War Machines* to allow extra work on the Hartnell story. We hope to bring you a full report on the restoration of this adventure in the spring.

Stephen Cole has taken over the editorship of the *Doctor Who* fiction and non-fiction ranges at BBC Books from Nuala Buffini. Stephen will also be overseeing the selection of future titles for issue by BBC Video and any special video, audio or book projects. **DWM** would like to extend to Stephen our very best wishes for success and happiness in his new role.

Virgin Books, meanwhile, has added a further title to its Bernice Summerfield-led range of *New Adventures*. *Down*, by *Christmas on a Rational Planet* author Lawrence Miles, will be available in October.

Shown here are the covers to Virgin's first and final Eighth Doctor *New Adventure*, Lance Parkin's *The Dying Days*, with artwork by Fred Gambino, and their final *Missing Adventure*, Gareth Robert's *The Well-Mannered War* with a cover painting by Alistair Pearson. Both will be published in May.

DOCTOR WHO
THE WELL-MANNERED WAR
THE NEW ADVENTURES
THE DYING DAYS
LANCE PARKIN

Bits and Pieces

Sophie Aldred is confirmed as a guest at the Llangollen *Travellers in Time* weekend of 21st to 23rd February, and negotiations to add a Doctor are pending. Phone 01978 860533 for details . . . The **Doctor Who Magazine** Christmas Party, held on 8th December at Riverside studios, raised over £1,300 for nominated charity Mencap. Look out for a photo-report on the shenanigans next issue . . . The Remembrance '97 convention will be held at the Pennine Way Hotel, Oldham on 22nd and 23rd March, and will feature a special theatrical presentation entitled *The Doctor – Missing, Presumed Dead*, which will include specially-filmed sequences shot on Granada TV's Sherlock Holmes-era Baker Street set.

"I'm sorry – we're all out."

Doctor on call

In March, Tele-Global Marketing Ltd will be launching a BBC-licensed *Doctor Who* Interactive Telephone Line. The service, structured around a tour of UNIT HQ, will include noticeboards where fans can leave messages to one another, a role-playing game, news bulletins, interviews, competitions and special offers. The UNIT environment will be recreated "with sound effects, actual artistes and music to give the feeling of a virtual world"; TGM's Mike Elliston promises that the fan-driven service will bring "a new life and dimension to the worlds of *Doctor Who*." The service will initially be accessible only by card-based subscription.

Outside the Spaceship

Obituary David Dodimead, who played Dr Tom Barclay in *The Tenth Planet*, died on 1st November.

Doctors Peter Davison, whose performace in *Dial M For Murder* was described as "splendidly cold and two-faced" by *Daily Mail* critic Shaun Usher, concluded his West End run on 7th December. ITV finally broadcast his performance as Henry Babbacombe in *Cuts* on New Year's Eve. Granada Plus is showing vintage episodes of *Holding the Fort*.

Colin Baker's latest *Cross Wits* appearance was broadcast on ITV in the second week of December; his appearance in spoof radio broadcast *Independence Day UK* was repeated on Christmas Day. He plays the fake Mr Brandt alongside Jason Connery (*Vengeance on Varos*) in *Five Go To Ballycock Hill*, a *Famous Five* story due on ITV in the Spring, and will play Dewhurst, a Moroccan-based counterfeiter on the run from Customs & Excise in a trio of Series Three episodes of *The Knock*. Up-and-coming cinema release *The Harpist*, a thriller set in Germany, features Colin as a wheelchair-bound bookshop owner.

The title of the Paul McGann film formerly known as *One Golden Afternoon* has been changed to *Illumination*.

Cinema Doctor Peter Cushing is commemorated in Encore Entertainment's January video release *Peter Cushing: A One-Way Ticket to Hollywood*.

Theatre Doctor Trevor Martin is Egeus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Barbican.

Companions Author Fay Weldon apologised to Jennie Linden in an open letter published in *The Sunday Times* on 15th December; a disagreeable character in Weldon's novel *Worst Fears* is called "Jenny Linden", and was mistakenly assumed to have been based on the actress behind the Big Screen Barbara.

Maureen O'Brien played Annie in Radio 4's *The Donahue Sisters*, and Susannah in Radio 3's *Drama Now* play *David*. She starred as Mrs Richardson in ITV bodice-ripper *Moll Flanders*.

Big screen Tom Bernard Cribbins was Puddleglum (a previous Tom Baker TV part) in the recent Radio 4 production of CS Lewis' *The Silver Chair*.

Peter Purves directed this season's Bournemouth Pavilion Theatre pantomime *Dick Whittington*.

Jean Marsh is developing a three-part adaptation of a George Gissing story for LWT with regular collaborator Eileen Atkins.

Caroline John appeared on Lynn Redgrave's *This is Your Life* on 6th December. They both studied at drama school together.

John Leeson played Baptista Minola and a tailor in a recent Lincoln's Inn production of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Louise Jameson is "The Woman" in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, now at London's Lyttelton Theatre in the National Theatre complex for a run in repertory until April (box office 0171 928 2252).

Mary Tamm has a guest role in forthcoming television series *The New Adventures of Robin Hood* as Alice, a possible recurring character. She is also recording an episode of new BBC time travel-cum-detective series *The Crime Traveller*.

Nicola Bryant returned as Martine in the third series of *The Biz!* on 3rd December, her role expanded since the last season.

Bonnie Langford presented Radio 2's *Kids Glorious Kids* on 15th December, an exploration of child stars.

Sophie Aldred provided the *My Choice* column for the 14-20 December edition of *Radio Times*. Unfortunately, her ITV series *Wow*, intended to run until May, was curtailed in December due to poor ratings.

Daphne Ashbrook recently guest starred in an episode of new US series *The Burning Zone*.

Villains Eric Roberts is shooting alongside Keenan Ivory Wayans, Jon Voigt and Paul Sorvino in a new, thus-far untitled, action film set in LA, and is set to star in *The Intruder*, a ghost story based on Brooke Leimas' novel.

Kate O'Mara will direct and star as Olivia in a tour of Shakepeare's *Twelfth Night* which her British Actors Company is mounting from February.

Producers Verity Lambert was all set to have co-produced Vikram Seth's *A Suitable Boy* with David Puttnam for Channel 4 when the station decided not to proceed, claiming that the scripts weren't up to scratch.

John Nathan-Turner is developing a Channel 4 children's programme which would include voice work by Tom Baker.

Dominic May *would like to thank Rachel Ireland, Richard Mills, NGW Ltd, Gordon Roxburgh, Gary Russell, David Saunders and all the main cast and their agents for assistance in compiling* Outside the Spaceship *during 1996.*

Wit and wisdom

It is six years now since fandom lost Graham Williams, the man who produced three seasons of *Doctor Who* between 1977 and 1979 and whose tenure oversaw the introduction to the series of such enduringly popular characters and concepts as K9, Romana, the Black and White Guardians and the Key to Time.

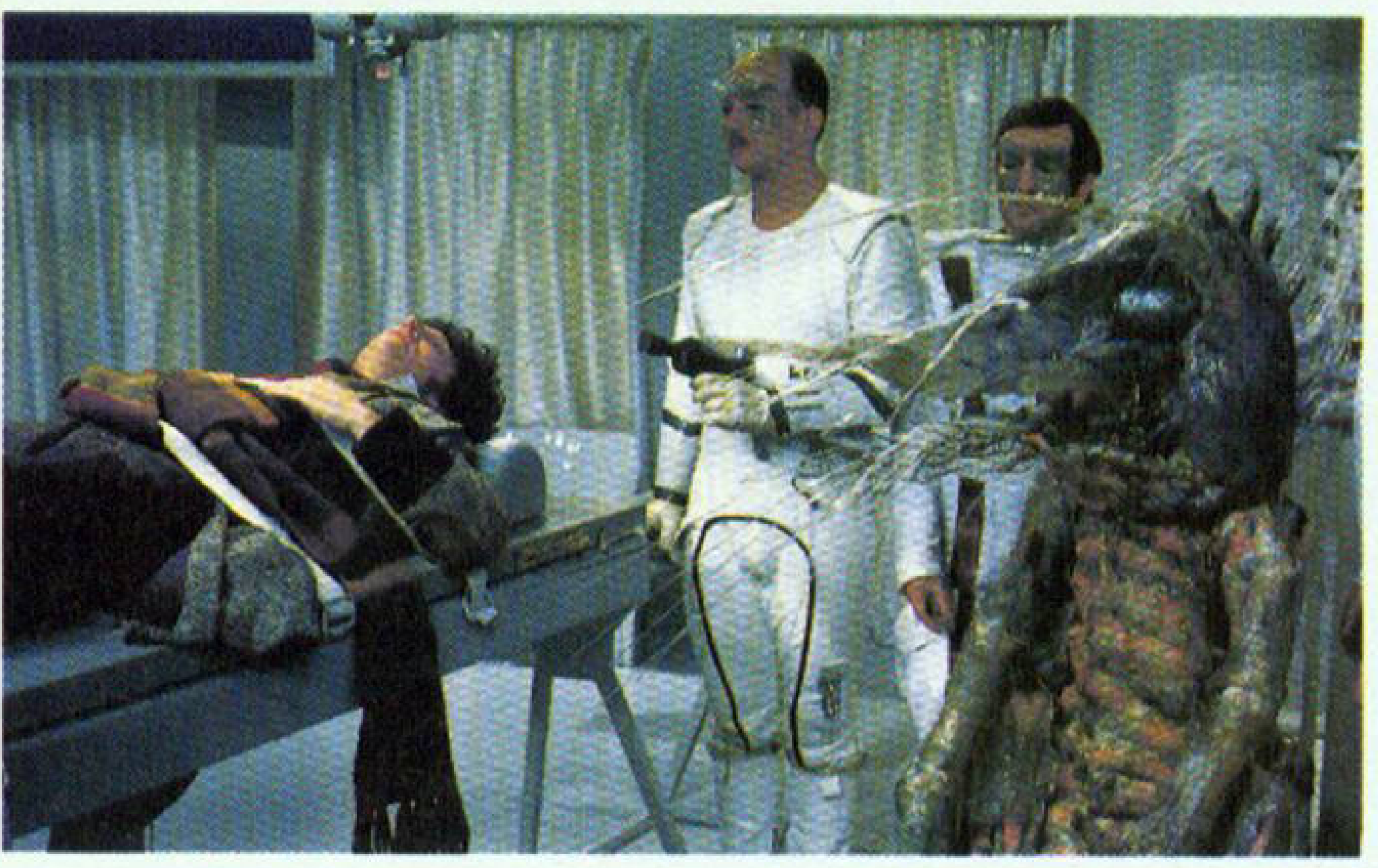
Graham Williams became the eighth producer of *Doctor Who* late in 1976 and, over the course of the following three years, transformed the series into an eclectic, colourful and stylish pot-pourri of science-fiction adventure, comic horror and pastiche. This lighter, more family-oriented approach took the programme to new heights of popularity, and paved the way for its enormous success overseas during the eighties. Paradoxically, however, it was almost universally vilified by the show's fans, and for many years the Graham Williams era would be generally regarded as one of the blackest periods in *Doctor Who*'s long history. Indeed, it is only quite recently that his work as a whole has begun to be rather more judiciously assessed, and his role in the show's development from tea-time entertainment to world-wide cult properly acknowledged.

In 1984, some five years after Graham's departure from the show, **Jon Heckford** and **Michael Stead** interviewed him about his time as its producer. The four-hour long conversation they recorded was originally intended for inclusion in Jon's *Prydonian* fanzine, but, for various reasons, it has remained unpublished ever since. Until now . . .

In the first of a three-part series, **DWM**'s **Philip Newman** rewinds the Williams tapes – and plays back Season Fifteen.

In 1976, ten years after having joined the BBC as a lowly assistant floor manager, former *Z Cars* script editor Graham Williams took over the producership of *Doctor Who* from the outgoing Philip Hinchcliffe. "Very simply, I was producing a programme called *The Zodiac Factor* for Bill Slater, who was then head of the Series and Serials department. After four or five months, the American co-production money suddenly fell through, so Bill said, 'While *Zodiac Factor* is dying a death, would you like to take over *Doctor Who*?' I'd had an interest in science fiction for a long time – indeed, I'd already put up a couple of sci-fi ideas to Bill – and Philip was moving on to other things, so it seemed a very sensible idea. But it was very short notice. *The Zodiac Factor* fell through, and Philip got his new project, a programme which I actually devised called *Target*. There was a very curious sort of musical chairs going on . . .

"When Bill asked me to start on *Doctor Who*, I didn't think I knew it all by any means, but I had done every kind of television drama that it was possible to do: all-location films, period plays, series, serials – you name it, I'd done it. So it was with absolute confidence that I went along to watch my first *Doctor Who* studio recording. I came out feeling like I was coming out of the Stone Age! I felt utterly shell-shocked – thank God I hadn't been producing, I was just looking over Philip's shoulder! – and I was trembling, thinking 'What am I



Above: Reuben (Colin Douglas) and the Doctor keep watch for the *Horror of Fang Rock.*

Above right: The survivors of the wrecked ship gather in the crewroom of the lighthouse in the same story.

Right: Lowe (Michael Sheard) and the Virus Nucleus stand guard over the infected Doctor in *The Invisible Enemy.* Photos © BBC

game, and the *complexity*! Directors, actors and writers will say exactly the same thing. It is very, very different."

Williams inherited not only Hinchcliffe's regular Season Fourteen cast – Tom Baker as the Doctor, plus Louise Jameson as knife-wielding companion Leela – but also Hinchcliffe's script editor, the late Robert Holmes. (Writer Anthony Read would trail Holmes throughout the season, preparing to take over full-time towards the end of 1977.) Williams didn't, however, inherit any useable scripts for the up-and-coming Season Fifteen. "I've worked on quite a few shows as producer and script editor, but I'd say *Doctor Who* was the worst to get scripts for. It really was a pig! Furthermore, there was a frantic scramble for scripts for that first year because, when I took over, all we had up our sleeves was a Terrance Dicks script with a vampire theme [*The Witch Lords*, later Season Eighteen's *State of Decay*]. Then Bill Slater was replaced by Graeme MacDonald, who had Gerald Savory's adaptation of *Dracula* on the stocks, and he said, 'Would you mind shelving it?' – and it was the only script we had! Bob Holmes was still frantically busy tying up Philip's last season with *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, so I suppose we had what seemed like about four days, but must have been a couple of months at the most, to get all the scripts together, which isn't a lot to say the least."

Williams' conception of the series was painted on a broader landscape than Hinchcliffe and Holmes' claustrophobic formula. "With the whole universe to operate in, the stories can be so free-ranging that there's almost nothing you can't do if you really want to – you can find an angle and yet still remain true to the programme's concept. It's only the time paradoxes that you daren't go into, otherwise the whole show would fall apart – you know, 'Why doesn't he go back to the minute before the problem and solve it?' Much later, Douglas Adams and I devised our own rules, whereby you could cross your own space/time continuum, but you couldn't actually go down through it and change your own history. What I think is utterly important, however, is that a story has got to be true to itself, even more than to the whole history of the show. It's the only way to keep on generating the programme. If you start saying, 'It's got to be the same as it was twenty years ago', you're in trouble. I think you have to keep to certain rules when telling stories, and telling stories is what it's all about. Nothing else matters.

"The stories can be so free-ranging that there's almost nothing you can't do."

"Mind you, that first year, we went for any stories we could get – I wasn't very fussy! – with one exception: I didn't want to have anything to do with UNIT. It just wasn't my cup of tea. It might have been devised for very good reasons, and it was very popular, but it seemed to me that it could only be used either as a retrospective – which I couldn't see as being much of an advantage – or as an excuse for going on location to the Home Counties yet again. This wasn't impossible, obviously; indeed, I wanted one Earth story that we could all relate to each season – but I did want most of the stories to take place off Earth in something other than contemporary surroundings."

Throughout Hinchcliffe's final season, *Doctor Who* had become subject to increasingly vociferous criticism from some quarters over its portrayal of violence – a factor which would fundamentally affect Williams' approach. "I think it was the same week I took up the job that I walked into Bill Slater's office and found him desperately trying to edit out the drowning sequence from *The Deadly Assassin* which had caused such a ruckus. My inheritance from that was one of the strongest dictates I ever had: that the violence for which the show had been so heavily criticised the year before I took over had to be got rid of in no uncertain terms. I protested, because I thought fantastical violence was a very vital element of the show. Indeed, it was an over-riding concern of mine to avoid anything that could be emulated, or that was easily available to other television programmes, like broken bottles or razor blades. So, if we'd got a gun, then hopefully it was a photon blaster rather than a .45 Magnum, or if Leela needed to use a hunting knife, then it was on an alien planet and she'd be cutting up a tentacle. In fact, I remember having to edit something out of my first story, *The Invisible Enemy*, because I thought there were a couple of frames too many of a knife going towards someone's eyes. It looked as though it was going straight across the eyeball or something nasty, and I cut it so that you couldn't see where it was actually going.

"I think you can only really get away with any sort of sadistic violence in *Doctor Who* if you say, 'Only extraterrestrials with arms down to here are sadists'; if they then start plucking arms off bodies, then okay, somehow it's comic strip time, so you can do it. But if you allow one of your contemporary humans to do that, you're then saying to the kids – who, after all, you're encouraging to watch – 'The guy on the street out there might grab you and pull your arms off like this, hee, hee!', which isn't terribly clever. Getting kids to watch from behind the sofa is fine as long as it's not then going to keep them awake at night. I think it was crossing well over the boundary to have a toy from a nursery come alive. I mean, Bob Holmes is a wonderful old pug, the kindest bloke in the world, but he's also a very violent person in his writing. Oh, yes! He loves doing lots of sadistic things! I remember one of Philip's episodes [*Genesis of the Daleks* Part Three] where Sarah Jane's escaping up a big tower – wonderful shot! – and she's caught by one of the villains, who dangles her over this height. Well, that was Bob Holmes' influence, you can bet your life on it! I mean, I'm not particularly squeamish, but I thought, 'Urgghh, God, no'. That sort of lapse of judgement is very difficult to justify.

"Tom wanted the show to be 25 times as zany and wacky as it was."

"Anyway, in the end, I was told, 'OK, you can keep the fantastical violence, but anything else is *verboten.*' So it was a sort of trade-off, but it created a vacuum and, because nature abhors a vacuum, we had to find something to fill it. Tom Baker was the principal element that filled it, of course, because if you've got an actor like that, with the enthusiasm and energy that Tom could bring to anything, you'd be crazy to let it wither on by. On the other hand, I couldn't possibly have given Tom all the lead he would have liked, because he wanted the show to be 25 times as zany and wacky as it was. Later, when I pulled off the questionable coup of getting Douglas Adams as script editor as well, you can imagine I had quite a fight on my hands!"

With *The Witch Lords* cancelled, Williams rushed *The Invisible Enemy*, eventually the second story of his debut season, into production first. The serial would see the introduction of one of Williams' most significant innovations – in the form of a certain robot dog. "K9 just came about out of the clear blue sky! Bob Baker and Dave Martin wrote a script featuring K9 – we didn't know what it would look like or anything – and everybody, including my production unit manager, John Nathan Turner, said that it should, like the Daleks, be a frame with a little fella inside. I said that as far as the younger element of the audience was concerned, that was the one thing it must *not* be – it had to be dog-sized. Well, the special effects people came back with some beautiful drawings of a sort of cross between a Doberman Pinscher and an armour-plated wolfhound – wonderful! – but I couldn't see it going very far because it wasn't very friendly to say the least! As you can imagine, we went to a lot of trouble getting a radio-controlled job built – again, that was me being ambitious – but we had been promised a lot of money from the division of the BBC who expected to make quite a sum selling the beast as a toy.

"Actually, I got bloody furious with Enterprises over K9 because, let's face it, it was a natural for promotion if ever there was one. I mean, the merchandising was there to be had, but the BBC just isn't terribly good at that sort of thing. I had the authors, Bob Baker and Dave Martin, on my telephone what seemed like every day, God bless 'em, because they were understandably very concerned about it; after all, they stood to make quite a lot of money if it was a success. Bob would phone up and say, 'Look, it's three weeks to Christmas, and they've only got three in the biggest store in Bristol. What's going on?' And I'd get on to Enterprises, and they'd get on to their sub-contractors, but nobody had any answers. At one point, we were told that they'd got reports back from the shops saying that they weren't selling at all – until it transpired that a shipment of 200,000 K9s had gone missing! The last I heard before I left was that they hadn't gone missing at all, they'd actually sold out the minute they'd got into the shops who hadn't even had time to put them into stock! Of course, as a result, the money we'd been promised for the construction of the original prop was never forthcoming and we were left to pick up the tab ourselves. Having spent this gigantic amount of money on K9, it seemed nonsense to write it off after one story, so we kept it going. And I don't regret that at all.

"The only fault I found with K9 as a device was that you had to keep on finding reasons for him to break down, otherwise he would crack the entire episode within fifteen minutes and leave the

Below: The Doctor in *The Invisible Enemy.* Photo © BBC

"Tony Read and I went away and wrote *The Invasion of Time* in a week."

Doctor looking like a lemon! But K9 was also another element for the younger part of the audience to identify with. For too long, *Doctor Who* had been accused – probably quite rightly, and certainly during my own time as producer as well – of moving more towards the teenagers and young adults, and K9 seemed like a very obvious device to get it back towards the kids. And it was very successful."

Next into studio were Dicks' *Horror of Fang Rock* and Chris Boucher's *Image of the Fendahl*, two stories with horrific overtones cast far more in the Season Fourteen mould. But with story four – *The Sun Makers*, Holmes' satire on company and taxation law – the series seemed to veer further and further away from such Gothic pretensions, and towards a more ribald, more quirky plan – even if it that hadn't quite been the producer's intention. "No, not at all. I certainly didn't intend *The Sun Makers* to shout anything like 'This is an income tax rip-off, folks. Rise up and shake off your Inland Revenue chains!' No, Bob Holmes wrote a story about the exploitation of the populus by a colonial power, and just took the old colonisation theme one stage further. In fact, as I remember, the taxation analogy wasn't very evident at the story stage at all; it came out far more in the scripting, which I suspect was probably tied in with Bob's own experiences of the Inland Revenue. But the idea of a commercial company going in for rampant taxation was, to me, far more analogous to the company store in the old Dodge City westerns. Bob always had a very good saying: 'We only ever use original ideas on *Doctor Who*, but not necessarily our own original ideas!' I took that to my heart."

In the late summer of 1977, Williams booked a fortnight's leave. He returned to find the planned story five, Bob Baker and Dave Martin's ambitious *Underworld*, in crisis; inflationary pressures had caused massive budget headaches. Bluntly, there simply wasn't enough money in the kitty to complete the final two stories as planned. "I was on holiday when the original set designs for *Underworld* came back from the estimators at something like 200% over budget – at least, that's the figure that seems to stick in my mind – which, in those days, was about £17,000! So I got together with director Norman Stewart and Dick Coles, our very clever designer, and we decided to scrap most of the planned sets and do it with models against CSO. It was never an intention to do a whole load of model stuff, but I thought a lot of it worked very well indeed. Modelwork, for various reasons, was becoming very, very attractive – *Star Wars* hadn't yet been released, though everybody knew about it – but I didn't want to go too far down that line, because I thought it cost far more than we could afford to do it properly. It seemed something to use best with discretion. However, it was extremely ambitious using models not just as giant spaceships, but as main sets of caverns, tunnels and mineshafts. I mean, in an average *Doctor Who* day, you could expect to shoot between 20 and 25 minutes of material depending on the complexity of things. On that model set-up, because it was still such early days with CSO, we could expect to shoot about a minute-and-a-half. It was like being kicked to death by spiders!"

Production of the six-part season finale wasn't exactly without its problems either. "*The Invasion of Time* actually demonstrates what a state we were in with regards to scripts, because I wrote that myself with Tony Read. In retrospect, I'm not that pleased with it, but it was written specifically to fill a changed brief. To give you the whole story, a six-parter fell down flat on its face about three weeks before we were due to start shooting. The story that actually landed on our desk [David Weir's *The Killer Cats of Geng Singh*] featured Wembley Stadium full of killer cats! It wasn't what we had commissioned! Gerry Blake, the director, said, 'It simply cannot be done', and that was certainly no news to anybody! It couldn't be done, it wasn't even remotely possible. So Tony and I went away and wrote *The Invasion of Time* in a week – and it showed! – but it was very popular, the most popular one of the series.

Right, inset:
Leela (Louise Jameson) tends the Doctor, stricken by his contact with the Matrix in *The Invasion of Time*.

Right:
A disgruntled Leela is left in the charge of the Chancellery Guards in the same story.
Photos © BBC

Below:
Tom Baker and Wanda Ventham make the most of a photocall for *Image of the Fendahl*.
Photo © BBC Video

"We were due to start filming just before Christmas, the time when the annual BBC strikes always took place. So, instead of doing the pre-filming followed by the studio pick-up as normal, we had to start in the studio, switch to location filming and then do everything else on OB. Well, locations have usually got to be within travelling distance of London anyway, and it's not very easy making part of the Home Counties look like an alien planet; that's why it usually ends up being a stone quarry or a sand-pit, because rolling green hills are really the only other option you've got. Moreover, the locations you can actually use in December are very few and far between, because there's no foliage to hide pylons or cars, you can't guarantee snow or sunshine, in fact, all you can guarantee is that it's going to be a bit bloody muddy! I therefore couldn't see any reason why we shouldn't set the whole thing inside the TARDIS because we'd never actually explored what it was like inside or how big it was. And it was indeed a remarkable coincidence that it turned out to look like the inside of an ex-lunatic asylum near Redhill!"

With the action set predominantly on Gallifrey, the Time Lords became a key feature of the storyline. "I've always thought that the Time Lords were such childish and irresponsible old codgers – that's why the Doctor got fed up with them, after all! They haven't got the youth, vigour or courage to have any kind of religious conviction – I certainly don't think they could cope with the idea of God – so instead they fall back on a folk hero like Rassilon as some sort of intellectual purity to put in His place. Now, this is very much the way of tired old academics, and when I looked back at *The Deadly Assassin*, I thought its portrayal of the Time Lords as a mixture of church and college types was dead right. However, because of the very particular situation I wanted to get into in *The Invasion of Time*, with the Presidency and all that, I made them much more political. They weren't meant to represent any particular party, more the manoeuvrings and dottiness that I fondly imagined goes on in Westminster. So I made them more venal, more self-aggrandizing."

Perhaps one of the most disturbing elements of the story's early episodes was the Doctor's sudden and inexplicable change of behaviour, wherein he appears to have sold out Gallifrey to alien invaders the Vardans. Was this an attempt to underline the Doctor's alien nature? "Well, we actually toyed with the idea of having a dark side to the Doctor once, but then decided that the dark side of Tom Baker was probably best left to the imagination! In a way, every time you put the old satanic temptations in front of the Doctor, with the Presidency of the Time Lords *et al*, you're doing that sort of thing. We did do a little bit at the end of the Key to Time series which was very tongue-in-cheek, but it would be interesting to explore the moral dilemma of the Doctor having a dark side. In fact, I think I could be very easily tempted into showing the Doctor in an atavistic state, if you like, where he'd be virtually unrecognisable by his behaviour, doing all the violent, evil things. But as soon as I'd set that up, I'd want to knock it down again because it's so untenable. It's like showing your big hero on the loo! He stops being a hero, doesn't he?"

"It was a remarkable coincidence that the TARDIS interior turned out to look like the inside of an ex-lunatic asylum near Redhill!"

As well as the Time Lords, *The Invasion of Time* also featured the return of one of the series' classic monsters. "I always liked the Sontarans, or 'potato-heads' as we always called them. Bob Holmes invented them and I thought they were rather more interesting than the Daleks, and posed a bit more of a threat. I mean, you've only got to hop on a number 42 bus and you escape from the Daleks, you know? I don't think you should keep bringing the monsters back all the time though, because it devalues their coinage. The Fendahl, for example, worked terribly well, I thought, but I don't think it would work a second time because its impact was greatest when being new and novel.

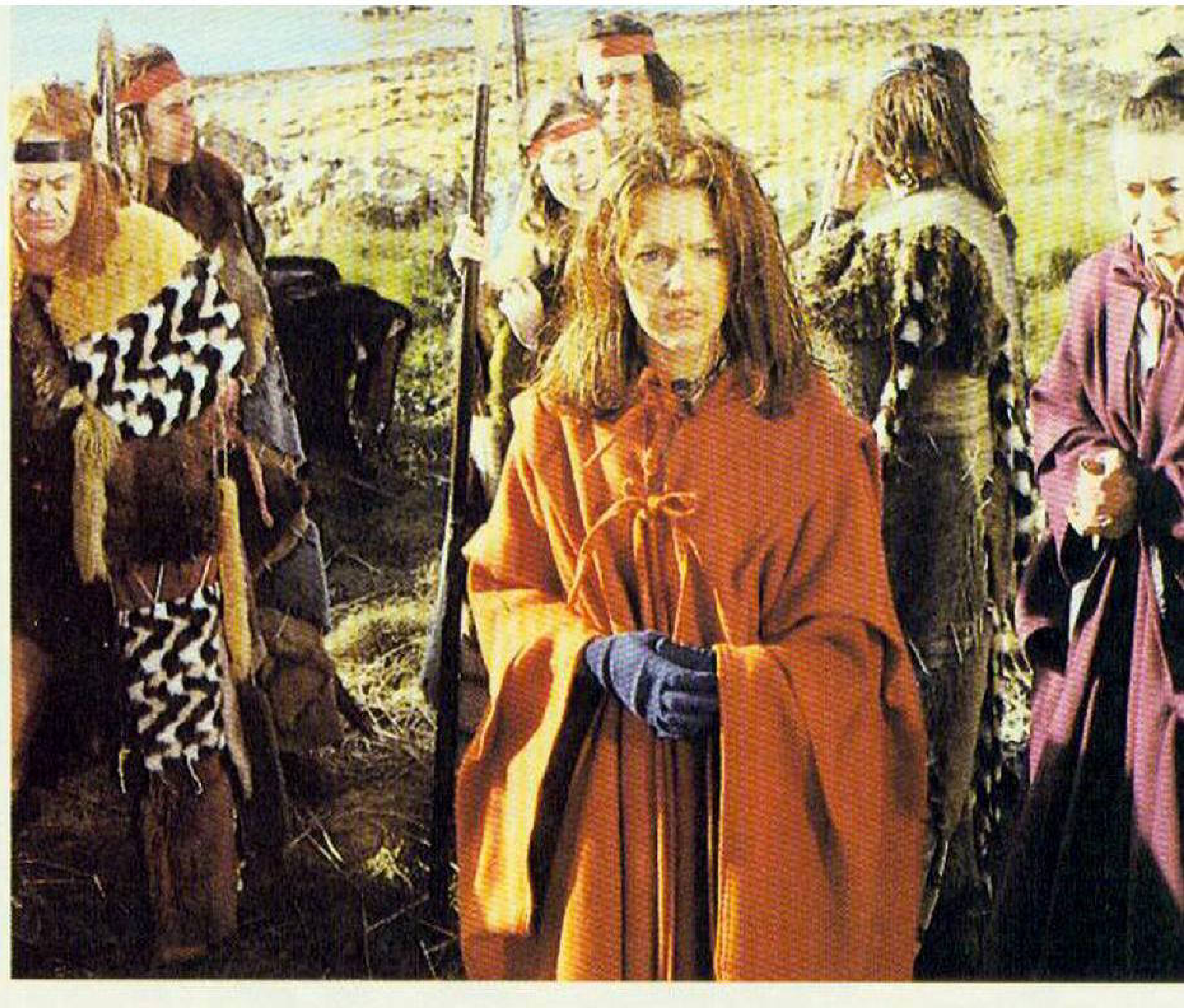
"Besides, I don't think it's beyond the wit and imagination of the writers to keep coming up with new monsters. In a way, they are the easiest things to devise, but they're also the most difficult to realise. To be honest, I think everybody has learned a lot from the Daleks in this respect. I mean, if you take the Daleks out of the studio, you've got to thoroughly search out your location, take rails, hardboard, track the camera very carefully – it's all time, expense and horrible complications. That's why you tend to have biped monsters, because they're the most manoeuvrable – they can, by definition, go where people go – and you can make costumes without going to dramatic expense. The Cybermen must be the most tongue-in-cheek, cost-saving device ever known to Man – you put someone in a silver suit and you're away! Wonderful! And the actors can still survive in them, unlike that bloody alligator-thing in Mary Tamm's first one [The Shrievenzale, in Season Sixteen's *The Ribos Operation*]. A stuntman had to be employed to get inside that and you could only leave him in it for twenty minutes or he'd have died! That limits your shooting time very severely, so you try to avoid those situations."

The Invasion of Time's other 'monsters', however, proved to be distinctly unmemorable, appearing for the most part to be shimmering strips of superimposed tinfoil. "I do regret the Vardans. We had planned to create them as an optical effect on location, but then found out that the technical equipment we needed wouldn't be available – we could have it in the studio, but not on location – so we had to make do with the effect that we eventually achieved. Nobody was happy about it, least of all the director."

Graham's first season ended on a rather bittersweet note, however, with the departure of Louise Jameson's Leela. "I was delighted that Louise stayed with the show for that first year. She was smashing. I was very, very sad that she left, but with all that frantic scrambling together of scripts, we didn't have time to treat her properly, and she was very ill-served. Leela was not of my invention, I hasten to add, and what I didn't like about the character – and I'm sure it's what Louise didn't like about her either – was that she was there basically for the Doctor to stop her killing people. Not a very productive role. However, with perhaps a bit more imagination on my part, she could have been used to more advantage. It should certainly have been possible to develop her character very much more interestingly, so that she became a sort of cultured killer, but we never had time to do it. I think we all had a lot more opportunity than we knew. I hated her departure and Louise did too. I thought it was awful, but everybody else said, 'Oh, go on, companions aren't married off that often', so it actually seemed a bit more reasonable and, like an idiot, I caved in. I didn't do that very often . . .

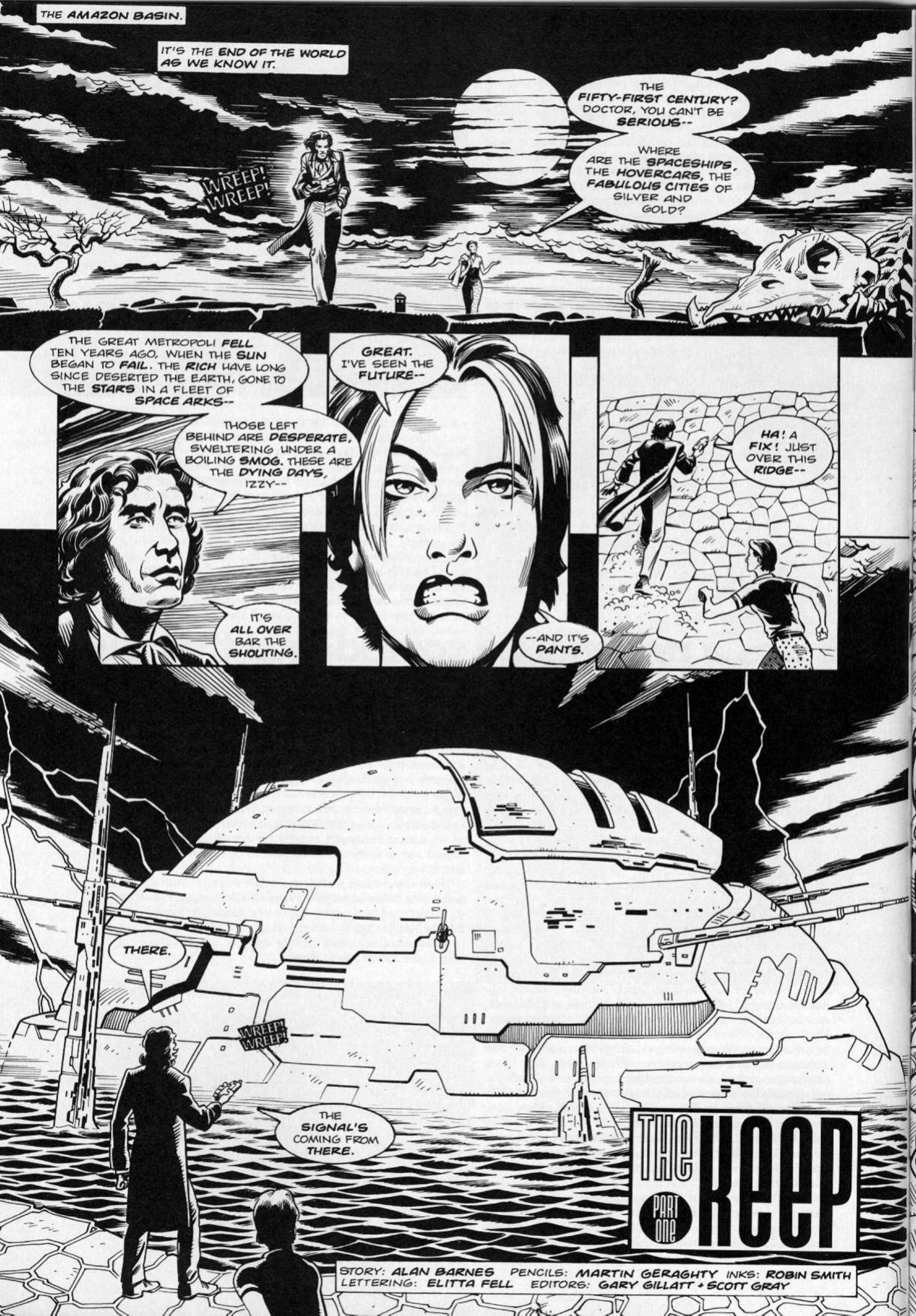
"Having gone through it all on the first season, I swore that the next season would be properly prepared. However, I was hoist by my own petard by the script editor who looked at me and said, 'Alright then, prepare it. Tell me what you want!' The brief, which I put down on about five or six sheets of paper, was that we should have a quest for the Key to Time . . ."

To be continued . . .

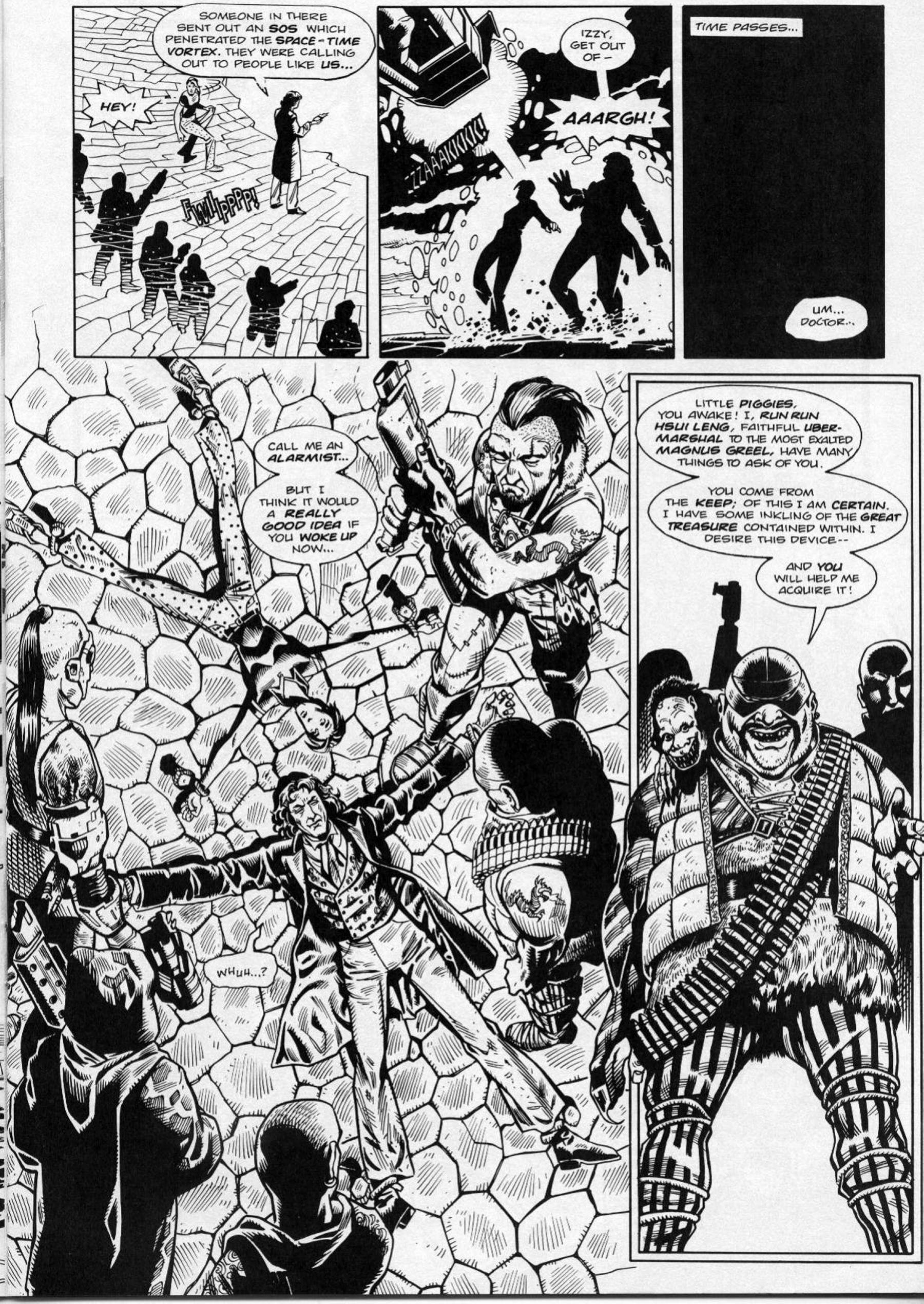


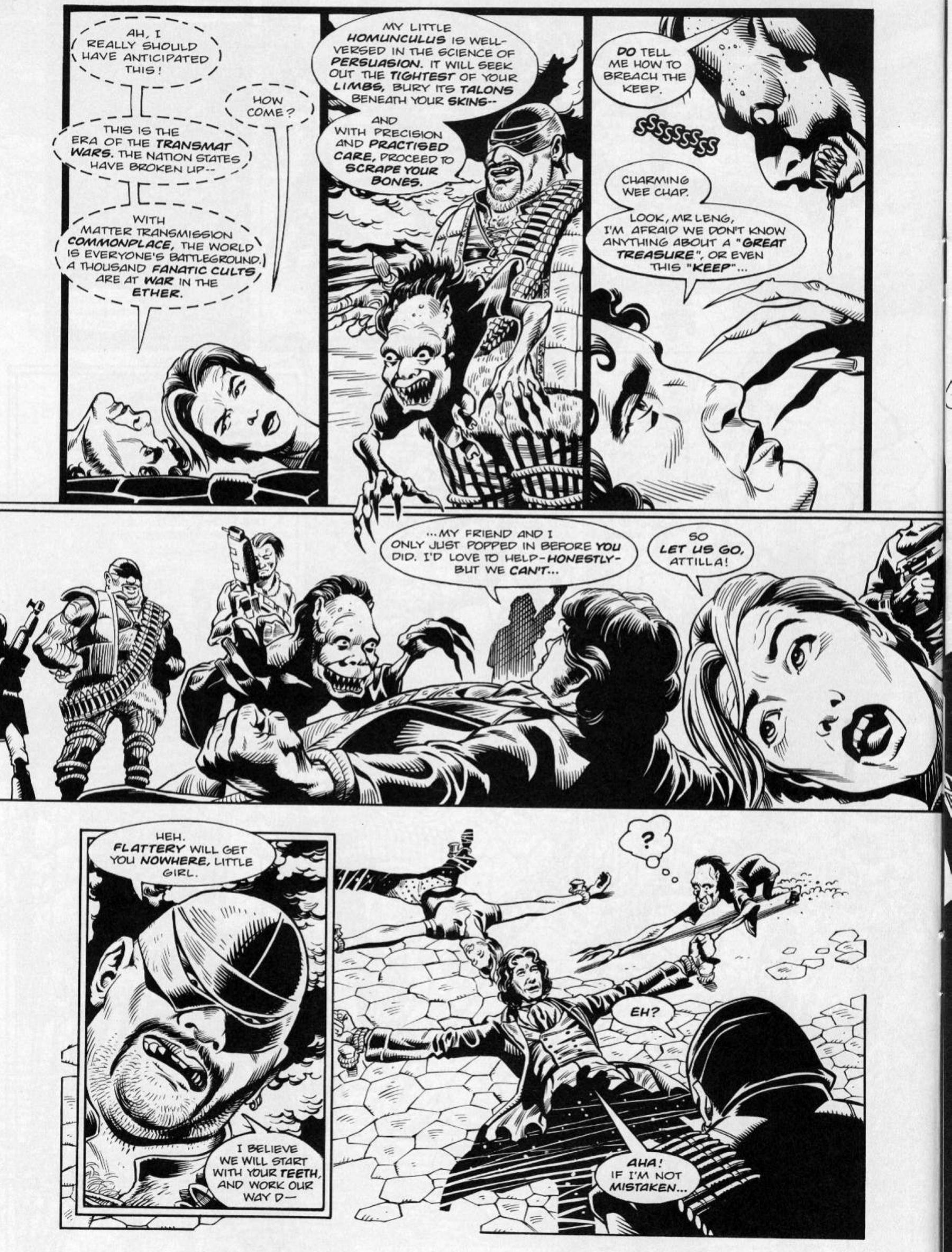
Above:
Leela and Rodan (Hilary Ryan) meet up with the Outsiders in the wilderness of outer Gallifrey.

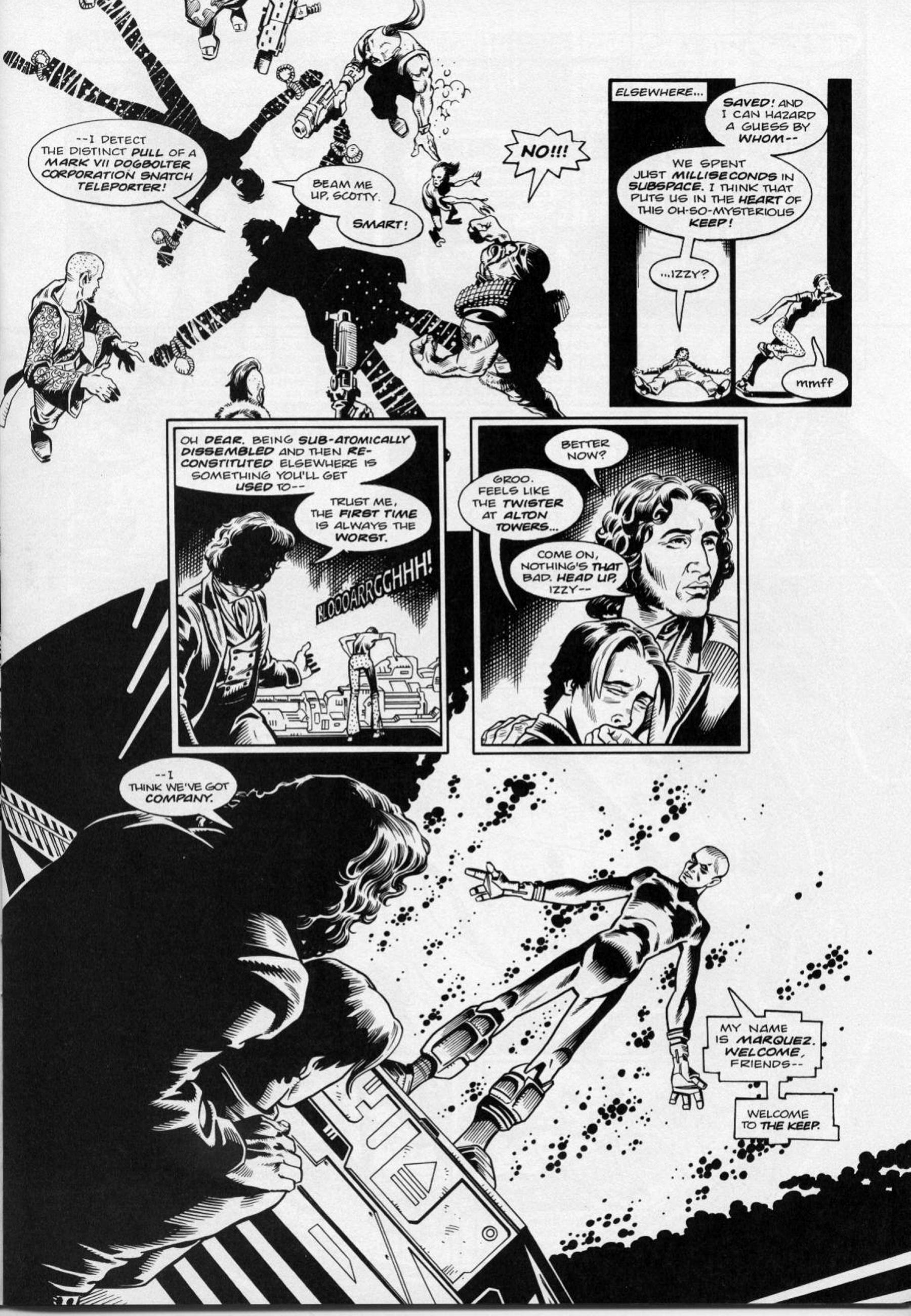
Below:
The Doctor confronts his mentor Chancellor Borusa (John Arnatt).
Photos from *The Invasion of Time*, © BBC

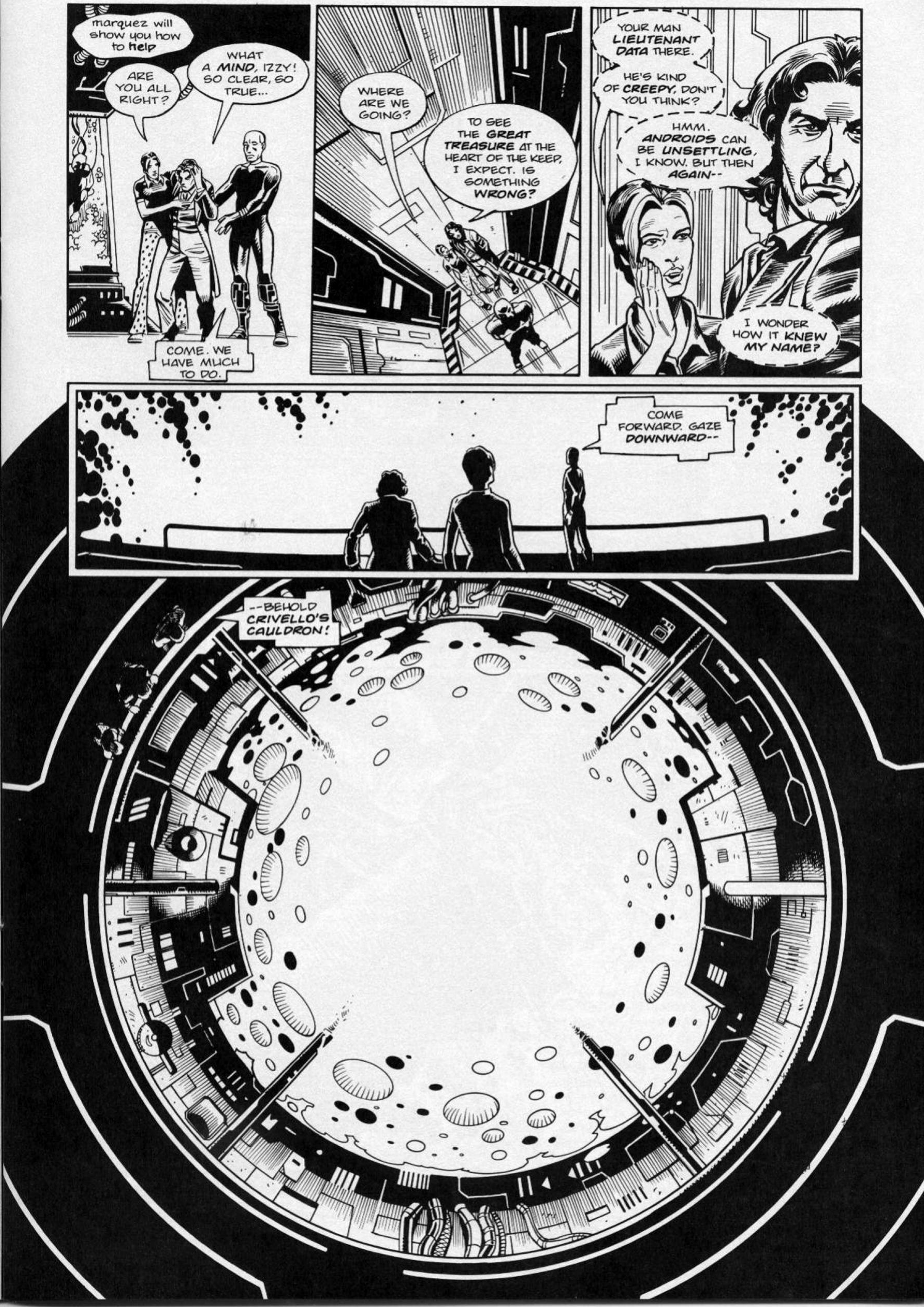

THE AMAZON BASIN.
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT.
WREEP! WREEP!
THE FIFTY-FIRST CENTURY? DOCTOR, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS--
WHERE ARE THE SPACESHIPS, THE HOVERCARS, THE FABULOUS CITIES OF SILVER AND GOLD?
THE GREAT METROPOLI FELL TEN YEARS AGO, WHEN THE SUN BEGAN TO FAIL. THE RICH HAVE LONG SINCE DESERTED THE EARTH, GONE TO THE STARS IN A FLEET OF SPACE ARKS--
THOSE LEFT BEHIND ARE DESPERATE, SWELTERING UNDER A BOILING SMOG. THESE ARE THE DYING DAYS, IZZY--
IT'S ALL OVER BAR THE SHOUTING.
GREAT. I'VE SEEN THE FUTURE--
--AND IT'S PANTS.
HA! A FIX! JUST OVER THIS RIDGE--
THERE.
WREEP! WREEP!
THE SIGNAL'S COMING FROM THERE.
THE KEEP
PART ONE

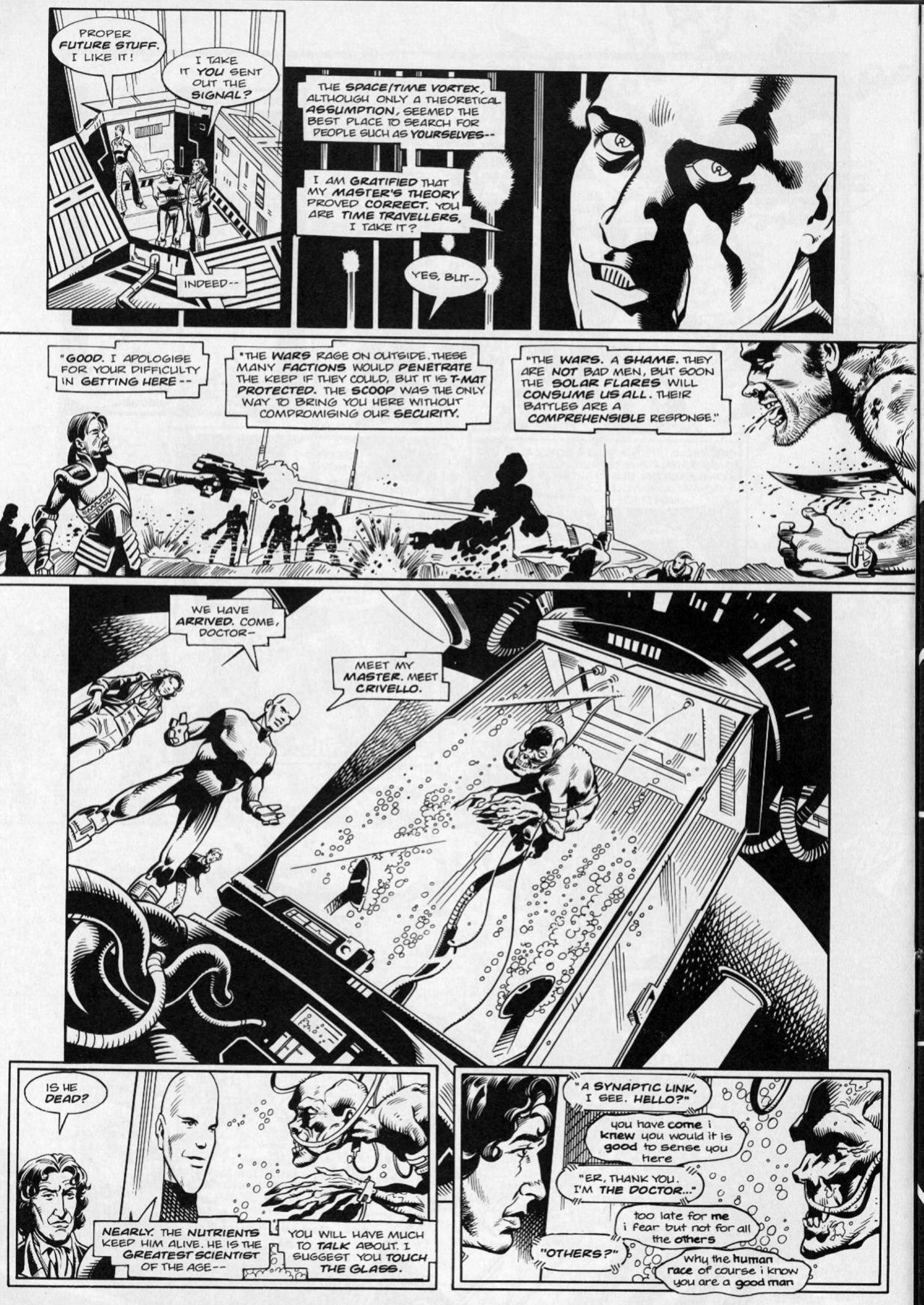
STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

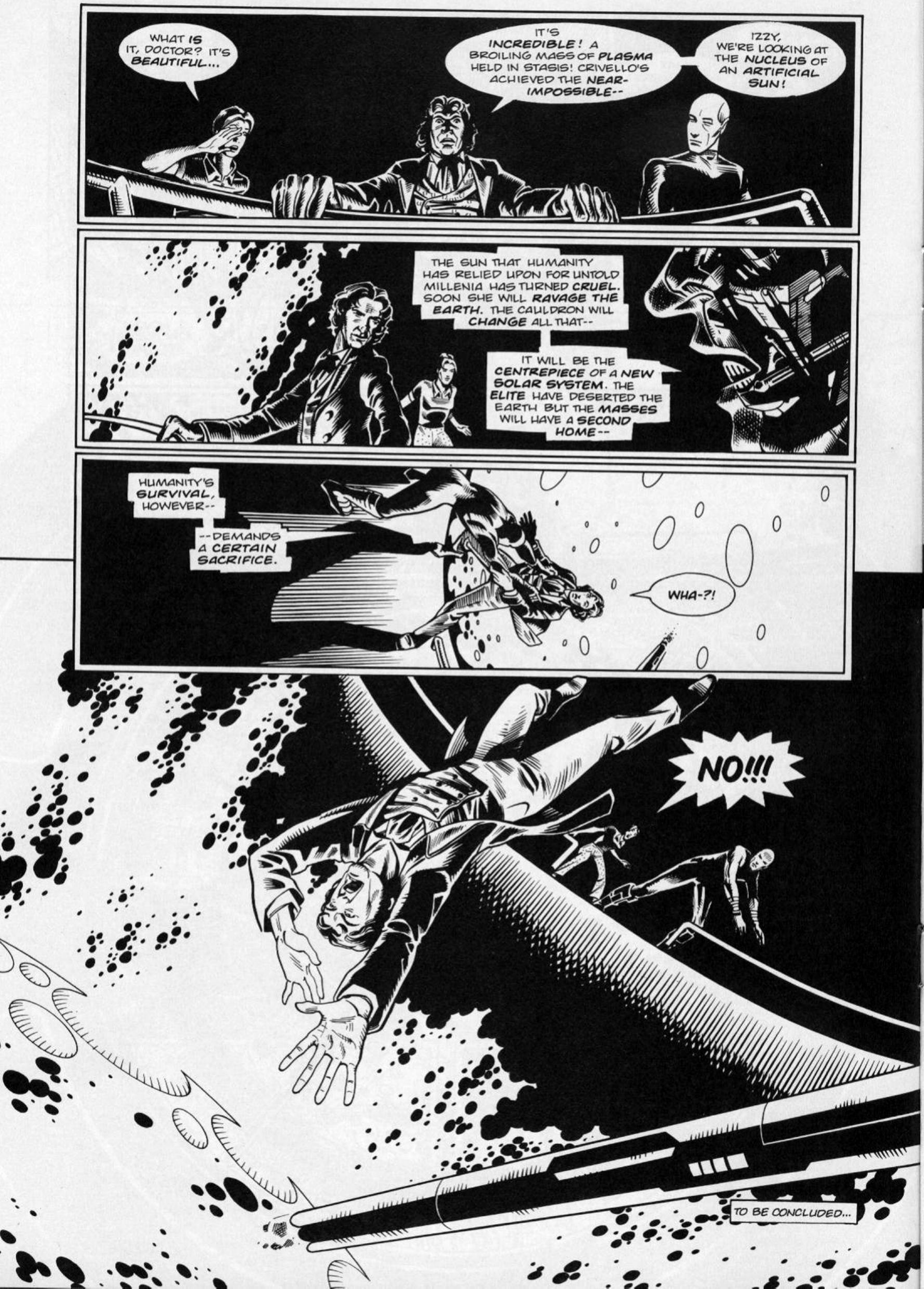

SOMEONE IN THERE SENT OUT AN SOS WHICH PENETRATED THE SPACE-TIME VORTEX. THEY WERE CALLING OUT TO PEOPLE LIKE US...
HEY!
FWUHPPP!
IZZY, GET OUT OF –
AAARGH!
ZZAAKKKK!
TIME PASSES...
UM... DOCTOR...
CALL ME AN ALARMIST...
BUT I THINK IT WOULD A REALLY GOOD IDEA IF YOU WOKE UP NOW...
LITTLE PIGGIES, YOU AWAKE! I, RUN RUN HSUI LENG, FAITHFUL UBER-MARSHAL TO THE MOST EXALTED MAGNUS GREEL, HAVE MANY THINGS TO ASK OF YOU.
YOU COME FROM THE KEEP; OF THIS I AM CERTAIN. I HAVE SOME INKLING OF THE GREAT TREASURE CONTAINED WITHIN. I DESIRE THIS DEVICE--
AND YOU WILL HELP ME ACQUIRE IT!
WHUH...?

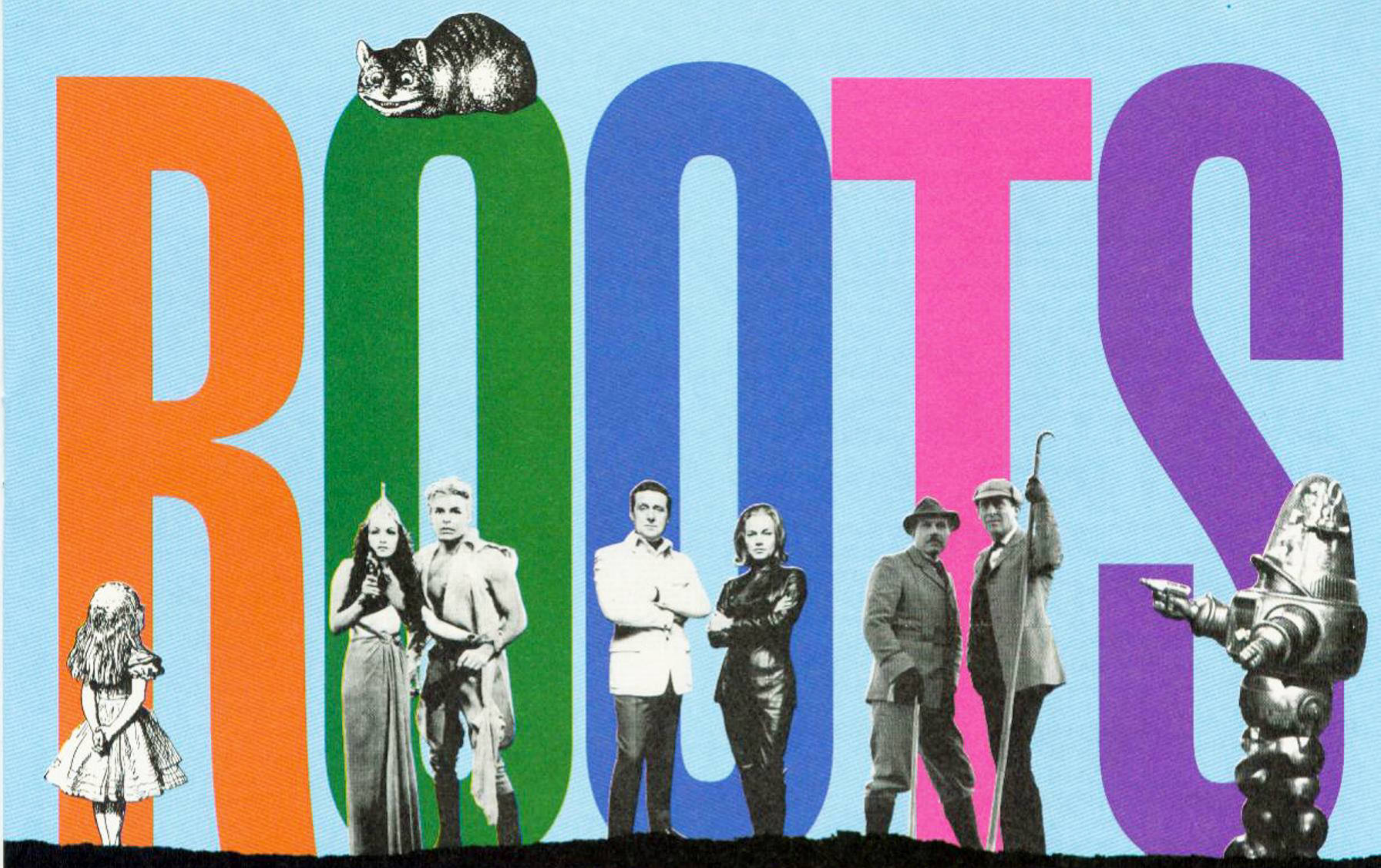

AH, I REALLY SHOULD HAVE ANTICIPATED THIS!
HOW COME?
THIS IS THE ERA OF THE TRANSMAT WARS. THE NATION STATES HAVE BROKEN UP--
WITH MATTER TRANSMISSION COMMONPLACE, THE WORLD IS EVERYONE'S BATTLEGROUND. A THOUSAND FANATIC CULTS ARE AT WAR IN THE ETHER.
MY LITTLE HOMUNCULUS IS WELL-VERSED IN THE SCIENCE OF PERSUASION. IT WILL SEEK OUT THE TIGHTEST OF YOUR LIMBS, BURY ITS TALONS BENEATH YOUR SKINS--
AND WITH PRECISION AND PRACTISED CARE, PROCEED TO SCRAPE YOUR BONES.
DO TELL ME HOW TO BREACH THE KEEP.
SSSSSSSSS
CHARMING WEE CHAP.
LOOK, MR LENG, I'M AFRAID WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A "GREAT TREASURE", OR EVEN THIS "KEEP"...
...MY FRIEND AND I ONLY JUST POPPED IN BEFORE YOU DID. I'D LOVE TO HELP-HONESTLY-BUT WE CAN'T...
SO LET US GO, ATTILLA!
HEH. FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE, LITTLE GIRL.
I BELIEVE WE WILL START WITH YOUR TEETH, AND WORK OUR WAY D—
?
EH?
AHA! IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN...


--I DETECT THE DISTINCT PULL OF A MARK VII DOGBOLTER CORPORATION SNATCH TELEPORTER!
BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY.
SMART!
NO!!!
ELSEWHERE...
SAVED! AND I CAN HAZARD A GUESS BY WHOM--
WE SPENT JUST MILLISECONDS IN SUBSPACE. I THINK THAT PUTS US IN THE HEART OF THIS OH-SO-MYSTERIOUS KEEP!
...IZZY?
mmff
OH DEAR. BEING SUB-ATOMICALLY DISSEMBLED AND THEN RE-CONSTITUTED ELSEWHERE IS SOMETHING YOU'LL GET USED TO--
TRUST ME, THE FIRST TIME IS ALWAYS THE WORST.
BLOOOARRGGHHH!
BETTER NOW?
GROO. FEELS LIKE THE TWISTER AT ALTON TOWERS...
COME ON, NOTHING'S THAT BAD. HEAD UP, IZZY--
--I THINK WE'VE GOT COMPANY.
MY NAME IS MARQUEZ. WELCOME, FRIENDS--
WELCOME TO THE KEEP.


marquez will show you how to help
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT A MIND, IZZY! SO CLEAR, SO TRUE...
COME. WE HAVE MUCH TO DO.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO SEE THE GREAT TREASURE AT THE HEART OF THE KEEP, I EXPECT. IS SOMETHING WRONG?
YOUR MAN LIEUTENANT DATA THERE.
HE'S KIND OF CREEPY, DON'T YOU THINK?
HMM. ANDROIDS CAN BE UNSETTLING, I KNOW. BUT THEN AGAIN--
I WONDER HOW IT KNEW MY NAME?
COME FORWARD. GAZE DOWNWARD--
--BEHOLD CRIVELLO'S CAULDRON!


PROPER FUTURE STUFF. I LIKE IT!
I TAKE IT YOU SENT OUT THE SIGNAL?
INDEED--
THE SPACE/TIME VORTEX, ALTHOUGH ONLY A THEORETICAL ASSUMPTION, SEEMED THE BEST PLACE TO SEARCH FOR PEOPLE SUCH AS YOURSELVES--
I AM GRATIFIED THAT MY MASTER'S THEORY PROVED CORRECT. YOU ARE TIME TRAVELLERS, I TAKE IT?
YES, BUT--
"GOOD. I APOLOGISE FOR YOUR DIFFICULTY IN GETTING HERE--
"THE WARS RAGE ON OUTSIDE. THESE MANY FACTIONS WOULD PENETRATE THE KEEP IF THEY COULD, BUT IT IS T-MAT PROTECTED. THE SCOOP WAS THE ONLY WAY TO BRING YOU HERE WITHOUT COMPROMISING OUR SECURITY.
"THE WARS. A SHAME. THEY ARE NOT BAD MEN, BUT SOON THE SOLAR FLARES WILL CONSUME US ALL. THEIR BATTLES ARE A COMPREHENSIBLE RESPONSE."
WE HAVE ARRIVED. COME, DOCTOR-
MEET MY MASTER. MEET CRIVELLO.
IS HE DEAD?
NEARLY. THE NUTRIENTS KEEP HIM ALIVE. HE IS THE GREATEST SCIENTIST OF THE AGE--
YOU WILL HAVE MUCH TO TALK ABOUT. I SUGGEST YOU TOUCH THE GLASS.
"A SYNAPTIC LINK, I SEE. HELLO?"
you have come i knew you would it is good to sense you here
"ER, THANK YOU. I'M THE DOCTOR..."
too late for me i fear but not for all the others
"OTHERS?"
why the human race of course i know you are a good man


WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR? IT'S BEAUTIFUL...
IT'S INCREDIBLE! A BROILING MASS OF PLASMA HELD IN STASIS! CRIVELLO'S ACHIEVED THE NEAR-IMPOSSIBLE--
IZZY, WE'RE LOOKING AT THE NUCLEUS OF AN ARTIFICIAL SUN!
THE SUN THAT HUMANITY HAS RELIED UPON FOR UNTOLD MILLENIA HAS TURNED CRUEL. SOON SHE WILL RAVAGE THE EARTH. THE CAULDRON WILL CHANGE ALL THAT--
IT WILL BE THE CENTREPIECE OF A NEW SOLAR SYSTEM. THE ELITE HAVE DESERTED THE EARTH BUT THE MASSES WILL HAVE A SECOND HOME--
HUMANITY'S SURVIVAL, HOWEVER--
--DEMANDS A CERTAIN SACRIFICE.
WHA-?!
NO!!!
TO BE CONCLUDED...



Part 2 BOND & BEYOND

Having analysed the various television series which most informed *Doctor Who*'s early years, **Stephen Cartwright** turns his attention to another of the show's key influences: the cinema.

The success of TV's *The Avengers* had made a huge impression on *Doctor Who*, both in style and content, throughout the sixties. Both series, however, owed their own debt to a separate phenomenon: the first wave of James Bond movies, all leggy girls, slick car-chases, futuristic gadgetry and loopy scientific masterplans.

It's often been noted that the third Doctor was something of a James Bond clone (minus the prodigious sexual appetite of Ian Fleming's hero – this was, after all, a family show), and Season Seven steals directly from specific Bond movies. *Thunderball* (1965) features a scene in which a military officer answers the door to be confronted by a murderous replica of himself – a moment carbon-copied in the cliffhanger to *Spearhead from Space* Episode 3. In season climax *Inferno*, the Doctor infiltrates Professor Stahlman's stricken project by mingling anonymously with a party of radiation-suited scientists; a strikingly similar sequence features in *Dr No* (1962). Many a Bond scenario kicks off with the hijacking of top-secret hardware by hostile forces, a plot device which was crops up in a number of UNIT stories – *The Ambassadors of Death*, *The Mind of Evil*, *Robot* . . .

The most blatant Bond *homage* in *Doctor Who*'s history, however, is not a Pertwee but a Troughton story. *The Enemy of the World* has it all: a glut of expensive hardware, a continent-hopping storyline, a secret underground installation staffed by brainwashed scientists who cause volcanic eruptions at their master's behest. There's even a suave South American villain who says things such as "You can trust me, my friend" in a sleazy Hispanic accent while dropping poison in his colleagues' brandy, plus, of course, Astrid and Fariah – two super-sexy catsuited women who fly helicopters, despatch assailants with casual judo-kicks and, in the case of Fariah – jarringly, given *Doctor Who*'s usual cosy expectations – die horribly. It is, quite simply, a Connery-era Bond film by numbers. Which would probably explain why it's so good.

The sixties spy boom was by no means the only cinematic genre *Doctor Who* turned to during the Troughton era. Whereas much of *The Tenth Planet* had echoed elements of more cerebral fifties science fiction, such as *This Island Earth* and *When Worlds Collide*, with stories like *The Moonbase* and *The Macra Terror* the emphasis shifted heavily towards the monster movies so beloved of exploitation double features. A couple of years earlier, *The Web Planet* had already had a stab at the 'giant insect' genre exemplified by films such as 1955's marauding ant adventure *Them!* (Later serials, such as *The Green Death* and *Planet of the Spiders*, would reprise the theme of creepy-crawlies grown to gargantuan size.)

There was a marked increase in the importance of atmosphere, tension and lurking menace in stories like *The Web of Fear*, *Fury from the Deep* and *The Evil of the Daleks*. Elsewhere, there were specific steals in *The Ice Warriors* (a partial rehash of the 1951 film *The Thing From Another World*, in which a scientific expedition to the Arctic thaws out a frozen alien and his spaceship) and *The Tomb of the Cybermen* (a steely-silver gloss on Universal's cycle of Mummy films – with a dash of *Dracula* thrown in for good measure).

But by no means were filmic influences restricted to spies and sci-fi; many other strains of cinema are represented in sixties *Doctor Who*. Shakespeare's *Richard III* is often lazily cited as a root for *The Aztecs*, but specifically it

Left:
Female Bonding: Fariah (Carmen Munroe) in *The Enemy of the World*.
Photo © BBC Video

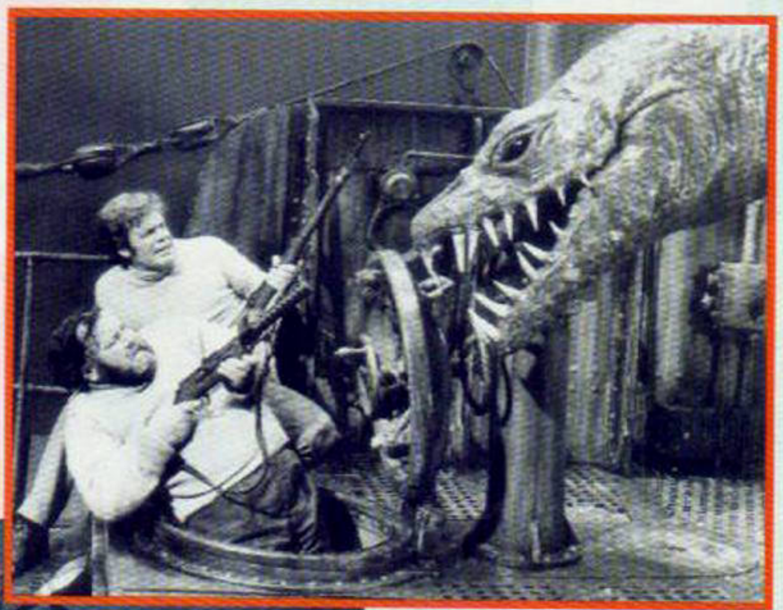
is John Ringham's performance as Tlotoxl that harkens back to Laurence Olivier's celebrated 1955 film interpretation. *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* has many of the elements of the classic World War II resistance movie; meanwhile, in both the 'Morton Dill' segment of *The Chase* and in *The Feast of Steven*, the Christmas episode of *The Daleks' Master Plan*, Terry Nation delivers a healthy dose of Mack Sennett and the Keystone Kops (*The Chase* also features Universal Pictures' vision of Count Dracula and Frankenstein's Monster). And let's just pause to contemplate Season Three's *The Gunfighters*, which romps through"every cliché-ridden convention of the American West", as the Doctor himself helpfully observes at one point during the proceedings.

***Invasion of the Dinosaurs* arrived just in time to capitalise on the prehistoric craze of the mid-seventies.**

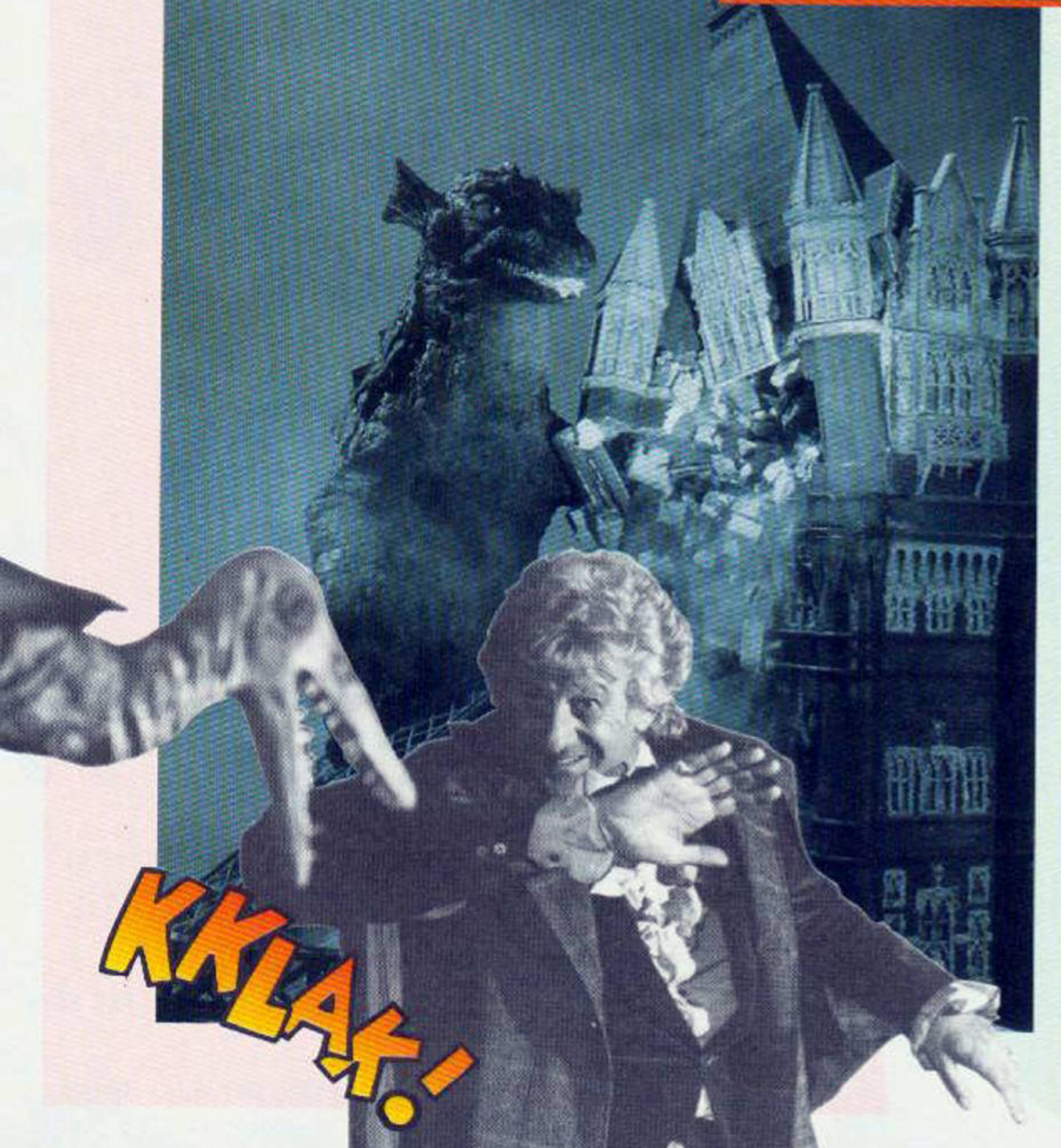
All these, however, were effectively little more than elaborate quotations; other influences ran deeper. Towards the end of the Troughton era, as *Doctor Who* was gearing up to the flowering of its new format as a high-tech Bond/Avengers thriller, the massive influence of Stanley Kubrick's 1968 film *2001: A Space Odyssey* also began to find its way into the series, at least as far as the new surge of interest in futurist cinema was concerned. *The Wheel in Space*, *The Seeds of Death* and *The Space Pirates* upped *Doctor Who*'s hardware content and provided pretty much the first outer space stories since the tail-end of the Hartnell era. Even after the third Doctor began his exile on Earth, the continuing interest in rocket-ships and moonshots, fed by the continuing Apollo missions, could still be seen in *The Ambassadors of Death* and *Colony in Space*; and the former's premise of doomed astronauts lost aboard a drifting spacecraft at the mercy of a mysterious alien power is particularly evocative of *2001*.

Alongside *2001* at the vanguard of the new wave of fantasy cinema was the immensely successful *Planet of the Apes*, also released in 1968 and eventually spawning no fewer than four sequels and two television series. In the surprisingly powerful original, astronaut Charlton Heston crashes down on a strange new planet run by a totalitarian society of sentient apes whose slaves are primitive, speechless humans; the twist, inevitably, is that this is Earth in the far future. Although it would be too much to suggest that *Doctor Who* ever attempted to 'do' *Planet of the Apes*, there is more than a whiff of it about the future Earth of *Day of the Daleks* – particularly when one remembers that the Daleks themselves were only stirred in at a late stage. There's a scene early in Part Three in which the Doctor ducks to avoid a marching phalanx of Ogrons, all leather jackboots and clinking chains, which could be straight out of one of the *Apes* movies. Years later, Parts One to Four of *The Trial of a Time Lord* would echo many of the elements in the first sequel, *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* – ruined subway stations beneath a devastated post-nuclear Earth whose ragged survivors live in tribes, and a subterranean faction of slave-workers who worship machines.

Other concessions to cinematic influences during the Pertwee era are few, although there is the vaguest of nods to the frontier cowboys-and-Indians movie in *Colony in Space* and a timely cash-in on witchcraft thrillers in *The Daemons* (British black magic horrors were riding high on the critical success of the 1968 pictures *Witchfinder General* and *The Devil Rides Out*). *The Three Doctors*, however, seems to use MGM's 1939 classic *The Wizard of Oz* as the basis for its plot. People and buildings are whisked over the rainbow into a fantasy world where an ostensibly all-powerful sorcerer is unmasked and found to be not as substantial as he seems. (Would it be going too far to cast Jo in the role of Dorothy, and suggest that the first three Doctors are respectively the hard-headed Tin Man, the clowning Scarecrow and the dandified Cowardly Lion? Yes, probably.) Peter Grimwade used exactly the same plotline nine years later as the basis for *Time-Flight*. *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, meanwhile, arrived just in time to capitalise on the prehistoric craze of the mid-seventies. It may have been small beer by *Jurassic Park* standards, but dinosaurs were a flourishing sub-genre in 1974. Every self-respecting breakfast cereal was offering dinosaur giveaways; and Amicus' picture *The Land that Time Forgot* provided not only a villainous role for one Anthony Ainley but also a low-budget addition to the Ray Harryhausen/ Hammer Films dino-efforts of the late sixties, many of which were doing brisk half-term business in the country's cinemas at the time.



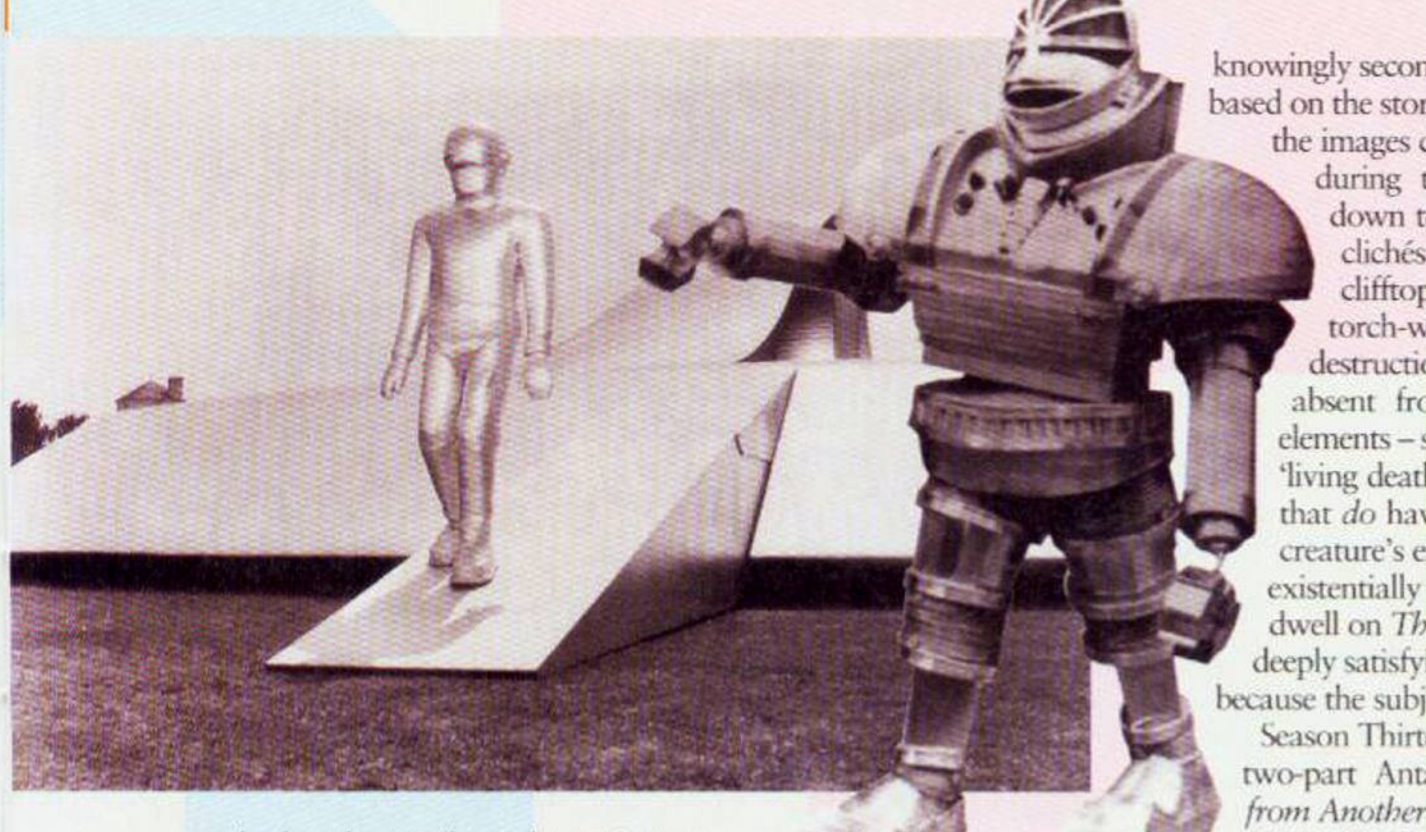
Right: Carnival of monsters: Doug McClure and shipmate fend off a scaly foe in *The Land that Time Forgot*. (1974)



Below: Primordial terror *Gorgo* sets about Tower Bridge (1960); the Doctor (Jon Pertwee) discovers a pterodactyl in a London lock-up in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*. (1974) Photo © BBC

The arrival of Robert Holmes as *Doctor Who*'s script editor heralded the onset of one of the show's most shamelessly eclectic periods, but Holmes and his collaborators chose not to follow contemporary trends; instead, they plundered the golden age of Hollywood horror cinema, from Universal's Frankenstein films of the early thirties to the flying saucers and creature-features of the mid-fifties. *Robot*, the first story to fall exclusively under Holmes' jurisdiction, combines the subject matter and iconography of Robert Wise's 1951 cold war parable *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (the image of the Kl robot standing sentinel outside the bunker vividly recalls the famous shot of Gort in the doorway of his spaceship) with a delicious, if meaningless, dollop of *King Kong* in its final episode, with Sarah Jane cast as a screaming Fay Wray clutched in the fist of the giant creature whose wrath only she can tame.

This was to be the shape of things to come for the next few years of *Doctor Who*, and although the remainder of Season Twelve (much of it commissioned before Holmes's arrival) is less obviously rooted in specific films, there are definite overtones of the giant insect B-movie in *The Ark in Space*, and a declared visual quotation from Ingmar Bergman's almost-horror film *The Seventh Seal* in the appearance of the Time Lord in *Genesis of the Daleks*. Things really got under way with *Terror of the Zygons*, a stylish crack at



Left: Brothers in arms? Gort from *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (1951) and K1 from *Robot* (1974). Photo © BBC Video

the hugely popular 'takeover' genre of the fifties typified by *It Came from Outer Space* (1953) and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956). Aspects of the genre – specifically the basic idea of humans being kidnapped and replaced by alien lookalikes – had been borrowed before by *Doctor Who*: in *The Faceless Ones* and again (via Nigel Kneale) for both the replicas in *Spearhead from Space* and the duplication of Bill Filer in *The Claws of Axos*. In later years döppelgangers would crop up again in both *Meglos* and *Resurrection of the Daleks*, while the "Don't call me honey" bedroom scene in the *Doctor Who* TV movie, complete with thunderstorm and bewildered wife framed in the window, is straight out of the 1958 picture *I Married a Monster from Outer Space* (one of the best of the genre, despite its silly title). None of these instances, however, is carried through with quite as much relish as *Terror of the Zygons*. Much has been written by film historians about how the 'bodysnatcher' films reflect the paranoia of America in the McCarthy era – the fear of infiltration by Reds, of discovering that your nearest and dearest have been got at and transformed into a Communist (or something from outer space, which was almost as monstrous). By 1975, of course, this subtext was far less meaningful, but the tension generated in the splendid barn sequence in Part Two of *Terror of the Zygons* shows that the iconography of the 'bodysnatcher' film was as dramatically effective as ever. Worth reprising almost at once, in fact, as the glut of murderous duplicate companions in *The Android Invasion* bears witness (see the 'Monitor' feature in **DWM** 241).

Nor was this the only occasion in the Hinchcliffe/Holmes era where the same core idea was used twice. *Planet of Evil* is often associated with the 1956 science-fiction milestone *Forbidden Planet*, with its rescue ship under siege by a monstrous flickering red outline and its theme of conflict between sapient self-control and bestial aggression. While the parallels are clearly there, *Planet of Evil* is actually more obviously derived from the work of Robert Louis Stevenson (and will be discussed as such in a forthcoming instalment). The *Forbidden Planet* association seems far more apposite when applied to the following year's *The Face of Evil*. Here, as in the film, invisible monsters leave giant footprints in the sand, there's a city containing forgotten technology – and the 'monsters' turn out to be the product of a melding between the 'brain' of a super-computer and the mind of a great scientist. (In *The Face of Evil*, the scientist is, of course, the Doctor; in *Forbidden Planet*, he goes by the name of Dr Morbius. But that's another story . . .)

Enough has already been written about *The Brain of Morbius* to fill several large bookshelves. I think the most important point to make is that the story is really a knowingly second-hand *Frankenstein*; in other words, it's not based on the story told in Mary Shelley's novel so much as on the images crystallised by the dozens of films it spawned during the half-century before 'Robin Bland' sat down to his typewriter. Several of the *Frankenstein* clichés present in *Morbius* – the storm-lashed clifftop castle, the brutish hunchbacked servant, the torch-waving posse who hound the monster to its destruction – are products of the cinema that are absent from the novel. On the other hand, other elements – such as Sarah's blindness and the Sisterhood's 'living death' – are inventive bastardisations of the story that *do* have their origins in the novel (respectively, the creature's encounter with a blind peasant and the hero's existentially flawed quest for immortality). But we won't dwell on *The Brain of Morbius*, beyond saying that it's a deeply satisfying and intelligent manipulation of its sources because the subject really has been done to death already.

Serials such as *Planet of the Spiders* would reprise the theme of creepy-crawlies grown to gargantuan size.

Season Thirteen also features *The Seeds of Doom*, whose two-part Antarctic scene-setter again recalls *The Thing from Another World*. *Pyramids of Mars*, meanwhile, owes a clear debt to Universal's Mummy films, not just via the mummies themselves but also the booby-trapped labyrinth, a classic movie cliffhanger device already essayed by *Doctor Who* in both *The Tomb of the Cybermen* and *Death to the Daleks*, and later to reappear in *The Hand of Fear*. This latter, as Holmes frequently attested in interviews, came about because he wanted a *Doctor Who* treatment of the 'crawling hand' sub-genre typified by *The Beast With Five Fingers* (1946), *The Hands of Orlac* (1926, with two remakes in 1935 and 1960) and one segment of the 1965 portmanteau *Dr Terror's House of Horrors*. During this period, the cycle of macabre Eastmancolor fantasies produced by England's Hammer Films from 1955 on would also be much quoted; Hammer had reconfigured Universal's earlier melodramas as full-blooded, richly coloured entertainments which moved away from the imaginary *mittel*-Europe favoured by Universal and placed horror icons instead in the elegantly furnished estates of the Victorian middle-class. Hammer's location work would be much imitated in sequences such as Sarah's flight from the Muto in *Genesis of the Daleks*, and the *Pyramids of Mars* scenes showing our heroes attempting to evade the mummies stalking the grounds of the Priory (Hammer's legacy would continue to be felt in later serials such as *Image of the Fendahl*, *The Stones of Blood* and *State of Decay*).

As Seasons Fourteen and Fifteen progressed Holmes's choice of source material became

STRANGE WORLD

Left: Arachnophobia: drive-in horrors precede Sarah's encounter with an eight-legged enemy in *Planet of the Spiders*. Photo © BBC Video increasingly complex and the period's wholesale gutting of old horror films began to come to an end. (In any case, the arrival of both *Star Wars* and *Blake's 7* had encouraged *Doctor Who* to turn once again to the signifiers of space opera rather than those of gothic horror.) Before Holmes relinquished his post, however, there was room for an audaciously silly rehash of 1966's *Fantastic Voyage* (miniaturised doctors are injected into a patient's bloodstream) in *The Invisible Enemy*, and some oft-cited borrowings from Fritz Lang's seminal 1926 *Metropolis* (the sunless underground city; joyless, mechanised workers; technicians struggling with out-of-control wall dials) in *The Sun Makers*. As Philip MacDonald remarked in DWM's 1994 Winter Special, *The Sun Makers* provides a good example of another of Holmes' pet subjects: the manipulation of society through the use of the broadcast media. This is a significant point in relation to Holmes' declared source for one of the greatest of *Doctor Who* stories, *The Deadly Assassin*.

A very different product of the McCarthy era from those 'bodysnatcher' flicks, Richard Condon's novel *The Manchurian Candidate* was filmed by John Frankenheimer in 1962 (and we're discussing it here rather than in the forthcoming article on literary sources because, like *The Wizard of Oz* and *Planet of the Apes*, the film is ultimately far more influential than the book it was based on). This is one of those instances when becoming acquainted with the source material is genuinely rewarding for the *Doctor Who* aficionado, not just because *The Manchurian Candidate* is a magnificent film, but also because it illuminates *The Deadly Assassin* from unexpected angles. Both tales take place in a world where public appearances and state broadcasts conceal a viper's nest of double-dealing and treachery. More specifically, each begins with a narrated prologue that serves little purpose beyond establishing a portentous atmosphere. As the plot gets under way, the hero finds himself suffering hallucinatory 'dreams' of murder, which we later discover have been implanted in his mind by the enemy. The film's climax, wherein the brainwashed killer assembles a telescopic rifle in the lighting gallery above the teeming Republican convention in Madison Square Garden, is followed shot-for-shot by director David Maloney towards the end of Part One of *The Deadly Assassin*. In addition to the surreal dream sequences, there are Korean War scenes in which we see soldiers silhouetted on hilltops in *exactly* the same way as Goth in the Matrix battle, and we are treated to the newsreel-style use of the camera directly as a 'fictional' television screen. This was a popular trick from *The Ambassadors of Death* onwards, but it's a technique that is propelled to new heights in *The Deadly Assassin* when we see the same shots of Runcible's broadcast that the Doctor is watching on the TARDIS scanner. To top it all, there's an identical subplot concerning the rewriting of history to make heroes out of undesirable characters. It's entirely in keeping that the sequence in which the Doctor is strafed by a biplane should be a deliberate reminder of that other great paranoid spy thriller of McCarthy-struck America, Alfred Hitchcock's *North by Northwest* (1959). The dramatic potential of post-hypnotic suggestion, for which *The Manchurian Candidate* is *the* essential source, is a recurring Holmes motif from as early on as *Terror of the Autons* – all those brainwashed companions trying to kill the Doctor! – but it's what the film has to say about the manipulative process of television itself which seems to fascinate him the most. Indeed, in Holmes' hands, television as an abstract notion in itself is one of *Doctor Who*'s strongest 'roots'. And it's there that we will be picking up the thread next time . . .

◆

***The Brain of Morbius* is a deeply satisfying and intelligent manipulation of its sources.**

10 Hammer horrors every *Doctor Who* fan should see . . .*

Doctor Who's debt to Hammer Films, particularly throughout Seasons Thirteen and Fourteen, lies mostly in mood and ambience: like *Doctor Who*, Hammer recycled much of Universal's thirties output – albeit in an unique, very English, very Gothic vein. Peter Cushing's in everything, of course, as is *Full Circle*/*Battlefield* location Black Park. Nevertheless . . .

Film	Watch it for . . .
The Quatermass Xperiment (1955)	An Earthling, infected by an alien organism, melds with a potted cactus. *Meglos*, anyone?
The Mummy (1959)	George Pastell translates a secret cipher and releases an ancient terror from the *Tomb*.
The Man Who Could Cheat Death (1959)	In a turn-of-the-century city, foreigner Anton Diffring stalks young women for the life-force which keeps him young. Blimey, it's *Talons*!
The Terror of the Tongs (1961)	*Talons*-esque dockside Tongery, plus Roger Delgado as an inscrutable Oriental villain (as also in 1967's *The Mummy's Shroud*).
The Reptile (1966)	Jacqueline Pearce transforms into something nasty. Hammer's ultimate English country house horror, *pace Pyramids of Mars, The Seeds of Doom, The Stones of Blood, Black Orchid* and especially *Image of the Fendahl*.
The Devil Rides Out (1968)	Our heroes huddle together within a chalk circle to protect themselves from diabolical forces. Said forces then toy with their minds, trying to make them break the circle. So not like *Battlefield* at all, then.
The Vampire Lovers (1970)	Ingrid Pitt (Queen Galleia/Doctor Solow) vamps it up in her pursuit of the – frankly – overexposed Kate O'Mara, aka the Rani . . .
Lust for a Vampire (1971)	One-time *Golden Shot* girl Yutte Stensgaard as a lesbian vampire with a terrible Nordic accent. She was considered for Jo Grant, you know. If only . . .
The Scars of Dracula (1971)	Pat Troughton (who's in several Hammers) being bullwhipped by Christopher Lee, plus another nearly-Jo – latterday fashion designer Anoushka Hempel.
Vampire Circus (1972)	Lalla Ward, fresh out of drama school, as a Lolita-ish bloodsucker. Nice.

*if you're old enough!

THE MONITOR

The Man Without a Body
X

Right:
I ain't got no body;
The Brain of Morbius.
Photo © BBC Video

The Sensorites

STRANGERS IN SPACE (drn: 24'46")

The TARDIS has materialised, but appears to remain in motion; the scanner shows a blizzard of static. The Doctor, Ian, Susan and Barbara venture out onto the flight deck of a twenty-eighth century spaceship, discovering the apparently lifeless bodies of a man and woman at its control banks. The travellers' arrival, however, causes the man to move and, with the aid of a heart resuscitator, both he and the girl are fully revived. The man, Captain Maitland, introduces himself and co-astronaut Carol Richmond. They are trapped in orbit about the Sense-Sphere, a nearby planet inhabited by the alien Sensorites, the creatures which placed them in their death-like trance. Maitland urges the travellers to leave, lest the same fate befall them – but, in the meantime, the TARDIS' opening mechanism has been extracted by persons unknown; the Doctor's party are trapped.

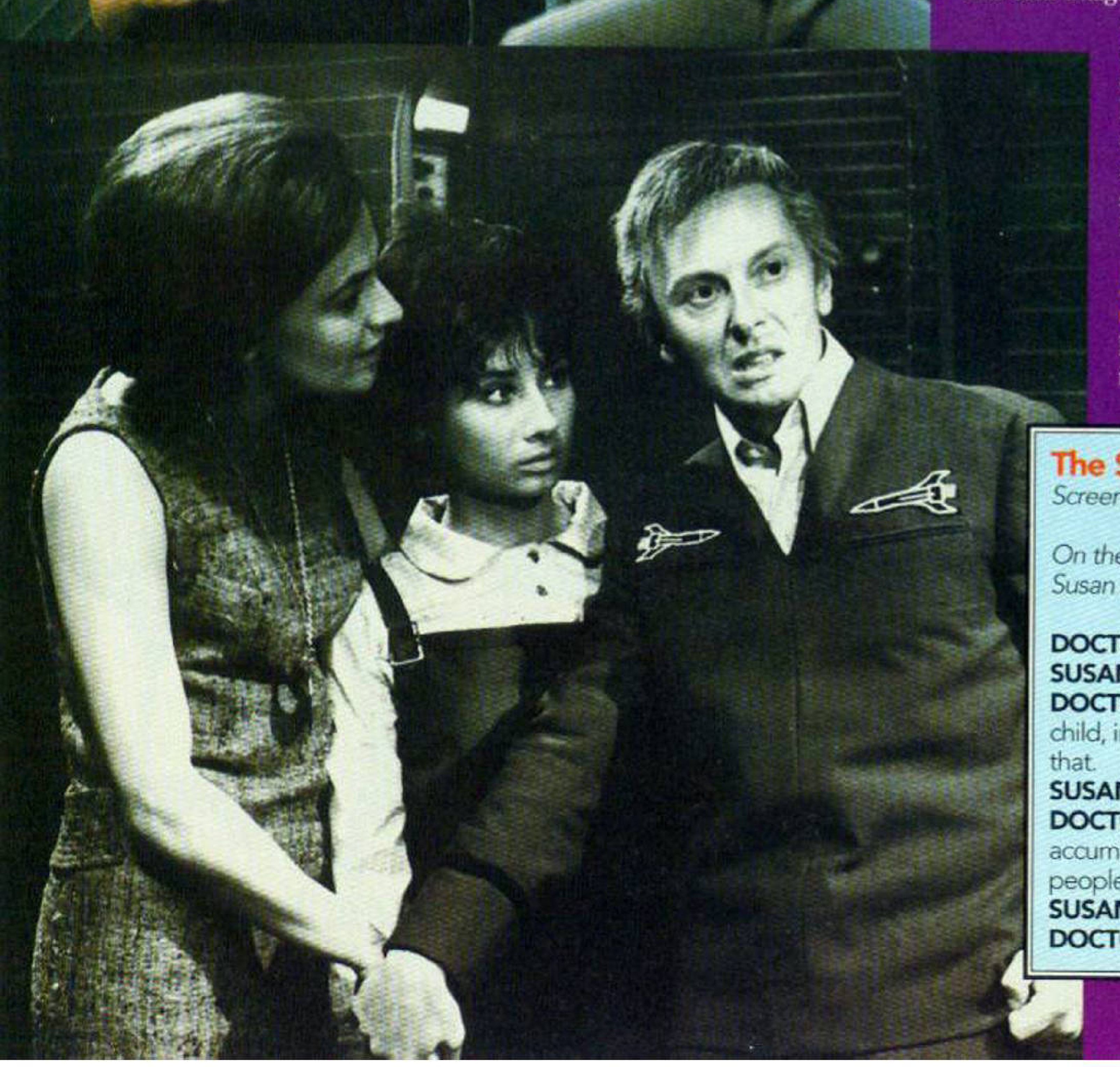
Searching for water, Barbara and Susan become trapped in the ship's corridors with the third crew member – mineralogist John, who has become deranged since an encounter with the creatures. Maitland fears for their safety, but John, a shambling wreck, pleads with the women for help. Back on the flight deck, the Sensorites are seen returning to the ship; a dome-headed alien peers through the observation window . . .

THE UNWILLING WARRIORS (drn: 24'44")

Two Sensorites board the ship. Susan and Barbara realise that the aliens are controlling John's mind by thought transference; they concentrate on the phrase "We defy you!", thus halting the creatures' advance. Maitland cuts through the bulkhead door, rescuing the three. From John's mutterings, it is clear that he has discovered something the Sensorites want to keep secret; via spectrograph readings of the planet, the Doctor detects a rich deposit of the mineral molybdenum on the Sense-Sphere.

The Sensorites receive instructions from the Sense-Sphere's First Elder ordering them to investigate the voices which defied them. After establishing a telepathic rapport with Susan, the two beings enter the control room having requested parley via Susan. They offer a place on their planet for the humans – which the Doctor refuses. But Susan announces that she will go with the creatures to their planet, lest they should all be killed – and joins the two departing Sensorites behind the closing bulkhead door . . .

All photos © BBC



HIDDEN DANGER (drn: 24'53")

Having already deduced that the Sensorites' eyes are fully dilated and that they would be helpless in the dark, the Doctor has Ian extinguish the ship's lights, preventing the aliens' departure. The Sensorites communicate with the First Elder, who both invites the group down to the Sense-Sphere and offers to cure John; The Doctor, Ian, Susan, Carol and John accede, but Barbara and Maitland remain on the ship. The Sensorites relate how, ten years previously, five Earthmen had arrived on their world. They had plotted to exploit the Sensorites' mineral wealth, but were apparently killed fighting amongst themselves. Since then, a disease has been killing the creatures, and they wish the Doctor to help them.

The Doctor's party arrive at the palace of the First Elder, but the First Elder's desire to improve relations with humankind is not shared by the City Administrator, who distrusts them. The Administrator has an Engineer prepare a disintegrator weapon to kill the visitors with; he is stopped by the intervention of the Second Elder, who confiscates the firing key. It transpires that Maitland's crew were imprisoned after the Sensorites had looked inside John's mind and seen images of a fleet of Earth ships stripping their world of molybdenum. A meal for the visitors is served; thirsty, Ian is unable to wait for the Elders' special crystal water, and drinks the ordinary kind. The Elder agrees that the TARDIS lock will be returned when the Doctor finds a cure for their mysterious affliction. Ian coughs, and then collapses. The Elder sees in him signs of the disease. "There is no hope," he announces. "Your friend is dying."

A RACE AGAINST DEATH
(drn: 24'49")

Ian is given salted crystal water to drink, and Doctor instructs the Elder to stop the Sensorites drinking the normal water. Working with Sensorite scientists, the Doctor discovers atropine poisoning in the water and has a check made on the supply to all ten districts of the city, concluding that the Eighth District is contaminated. He sets about creating an antidote.

John is being treated in a Sensorite laboratory, and he senses the evil in the Administrator. A remark by Carol causes the Administrator to realise that the Sensorites are almost identical, save for their insignia of rank. Luring the Second Elder to the disintegrator room, the Administrator has the official overpowered by the Engineer, and takes the sash of office. Posing as the Second Elder, the Administrator tricks a scientist into handing over the antidote he is taking to Ian – which the Administrator then destroys.

With production of the antidote underway, the Doctor goes to investigate the city's aqueduct; its dark tunnels are apparently inhabited by monsters. Having been given a second dose of the antidote, a recovered Ian goes with Susan to follow the Doctor. In the aqueduct, the Doctor finds a plant which confirms his suspicions: "I thought so. *Atropa belladonna*. Deadly nightshade". But a shadow looms over him; he hears a monstrous growl . . .

The Sensorites

Screenplay extract by Peter R Newman

On the flight deck of a stricken Earth ship, the Doctor chides Susan for attempting to depart with the alien Sensorites.

DOCTOR: What is all this? Setting yourself against me, hmm?
SUSAN: I didn't, Grandfather . . .
DOCTOR: Oh, I know you thought you were doing your best, child, in the circumstances – but I think I'm a better judge of that.
SUSAN: Well, *I* have opinions too . . .
DOCTOR: My dear girl, the one purpose in growing old is to accumulate knowledge and wisdom and to help other people.
SUSAN: So I'm to be treated like a silly little child.
DOCTOR: If you behave like one, yes.

KIDNAP (drn: 25'47")

Ian and Susan find the Doctor, his coat ripped, lying in the channel; the Doctor didn't see the creature which attacked him. Returning to the palace, the Doctor's party see the Senior Warrior handing over the firing key to the 'Second Elder' (actually the Administrator in disguise). In the disintegrator room, the Second Elder breaks the key, but is killed in an ensuing struggle with the Engineer. The Administrator goes to inform the First Elder of his assistant's death; the Engineer claims to have seen the Doctor murder the Second Elder. However, the Engineer's tale is proved to be a lie; he is imprisoned but, unaware of his treachery, the First Elder makes the Administrator his new Second Elder. The new Elder's first act is to release his accomplice . . .

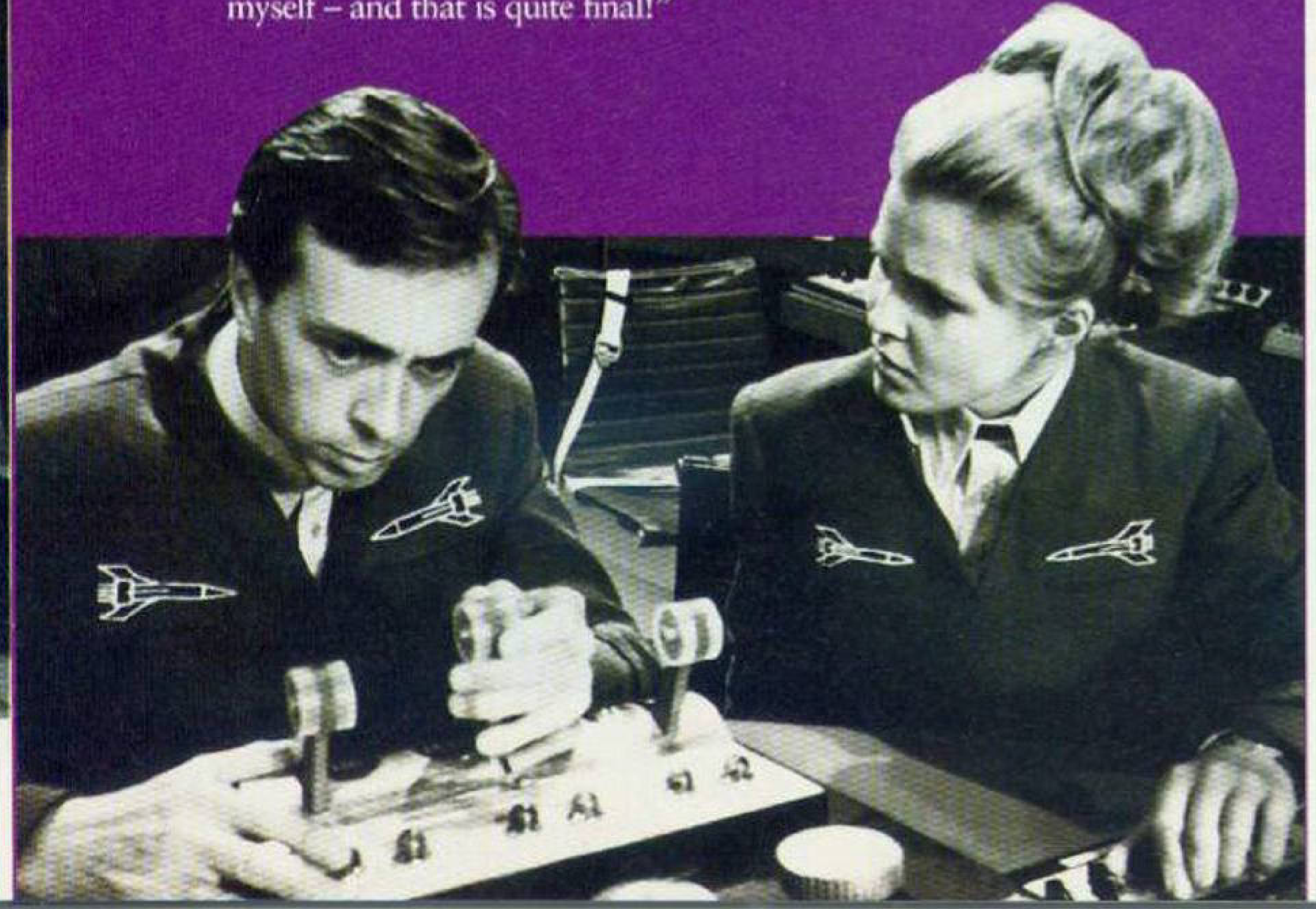
John has recovered, and he identifies the Administrator as the threat to the party. The Doctor and Ian plan another trip to the aqueduct, but the former Administrator tampers with the equipment they are given. Carol, leaving the laboratory to look for the Doctor and Ian, is crossing the Palace forecourt when a hand is clamped over her mouth . . .

A DESPERATE VENTURE (drn: 24'29")

Taken hostage by the ex-Administrator, Carol is forced to write a note to John saying that she has returned to the spaceship; but Barbara, who has just arrived on the Sense-Sphere, knows this to be untrue. The First Elder surmises that Carol must be held in the disintegrator room; John rescues her. The Engineer is arrested again; the former Administrator blames everything on the Engineer and extricates himself.

In the aqueduct, the Doctor and Ian find evidence of human habitation and soon discover survivors from the earlier Earth expedition hiding out in the darkness. These three ragged, unbalanced men have been conducting a 'war' against the Sensorites; having destroyed their fellows, they are determined to seize control of the molybdenum. Barbara and John follow their friends into the tunnels and help persuade the renegades that the war is over – and that humankind have won. When the killers leave the aqueduct, Sensorite warriors overpower them.

Exposed, the ex-Administrator is banished by the First Elder; Maitland will take the humans back to Earth. The TARDIS lock is returned, but Ian angers the Doctor, who informs the two teachers that "at the very next place we stop, I shall take you off myself – and that is quite final!"



PRODUCTION

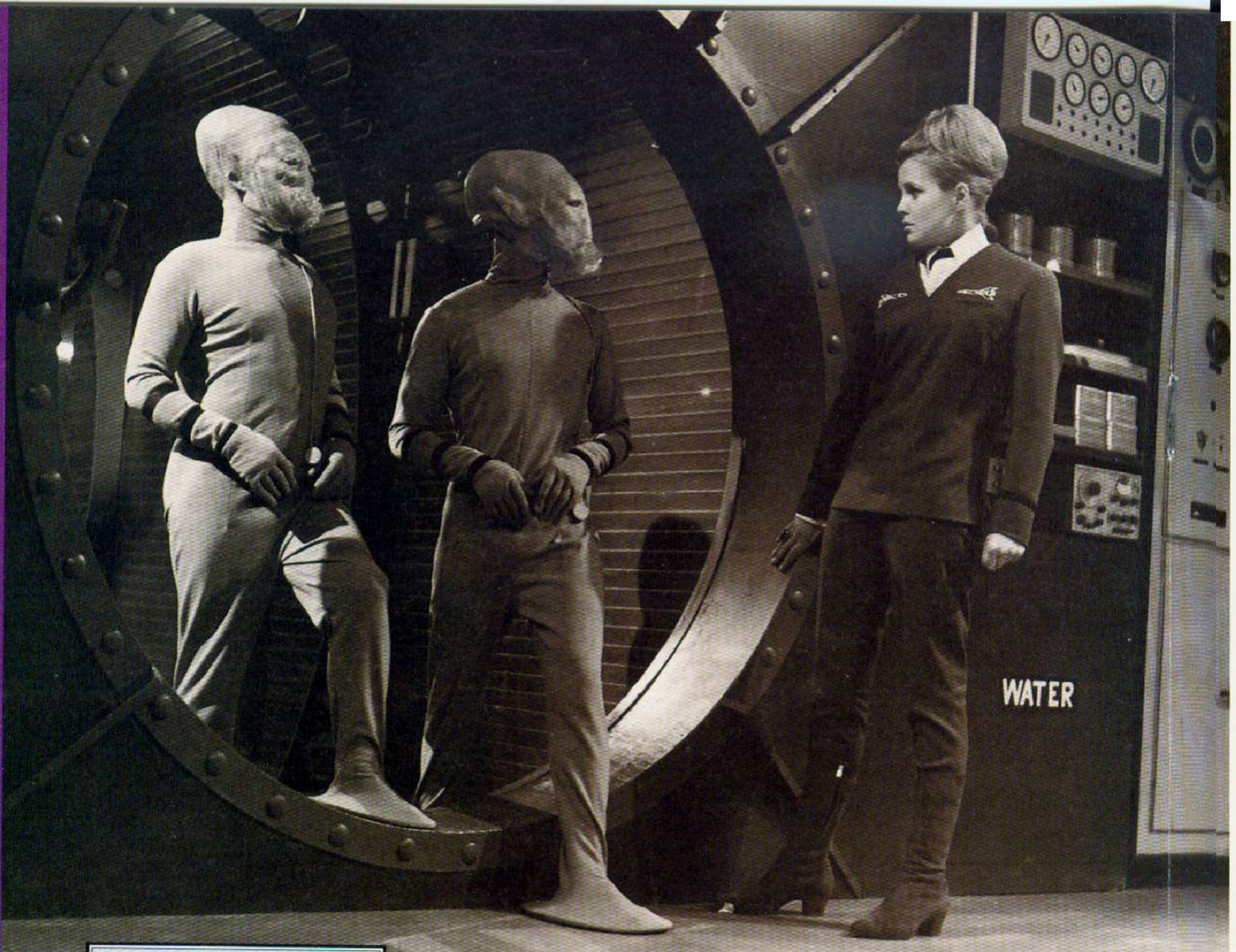
Playwright Peter R Newman's six-part Season One *Doctor Who* serial – his first work for BBC Television since his debut teleplay, 1958's *Yesterday's Enemy* – was developed as an idea during January 1964, and scheduled as Serial G at the end of the month. On Tuesday 25th February Newman was formally commissioned by story editor David Whitaker to deliver the first of the six scripts and a storyline for the remaining five episodes. By Tuesday 3rd March his second script had been accepted; the third was delivered on Wednesday 25th March, one day in advance of Newman's target delivery date for the first three instalments. The remaining three scripts were due on Friday 17th April, but the fifth episode was not accepted until Friday 24th April, and the sixth on Thursday 21st May (by which time pre-filming on the serial had been accomplished). At this time, the serial – entitled *The Sensorites* on production documents and *Dr Who and the Sensorites* on the scripts – was planned to conclude the first season of *Doctor Who* on Saturday 25th July; the second would commence with *The Reign of Terror* on Saturday 12th September as part of the new autumn season.

WRITER PETER R NEWMAN

Born in Essex in 1926, Peter R Newman had served in the Air Force as both a pilot and parachutist, and had also spent time in the intelligence corps. Post-war, he wrote several short radio plays which were broadcast in Australia, Malaysia and Hong Kong. In 1958, his first television script was accepted by the BBC: the semi-factual *Yesterday's Enemy*, broadcast in October 1958, starred Gordon Jackson and Alex Scott. Set in the Burmese jungle in 1942, it concerned a British army unit discovering vital military information while retreating from the Japanese. A notable success on TV, movie rights were rapidly acquired by Hammer Films; their *Yesterday's Enemy* was released in June 1959, Jackson reprising his starring role. Newman worked for Hammer for some time; however, his scripts *The Inquisitor* (aka *The Rape of Sabena*) and *The Brutal Land* (aka *San Siado Killings*) were never made. (*The Inquisitor* was, in fact, cast, its sets designed and largely built when, in the summer of 1960, production was suddenly abandoned, allegedly after the Catholic League of Decency objected to its Spanish Inquisition theme.)

The camera script for the first episode, *Strangers in Space*, included not only a couple of references back to previous serial *The Aztecs*, but also a brief review of the travellers' screen adventures to date. Further, the Doctor referred to a brush he and Susan had had with King Henry VIII long before Ian and Barbara had joined them.

Newman envisaged the Earth spaceship commanded by Captain Maitland as a Satellite Ship in orbit around the alien world referred to variously in the script as "the Sense-sphere", "the Sense-Sphere" and "Sensesphere". The majority of the action in the Satellite Ship took place in Compartment One, the "pilot's deck". The description of the ships' crew was minimal, bar mineralogist John, who was referred to initially as "White-Haired Man" until his identity was established. According to the script, "his head looks as though it is too heavy for his body. It constantly lolls from side to side."

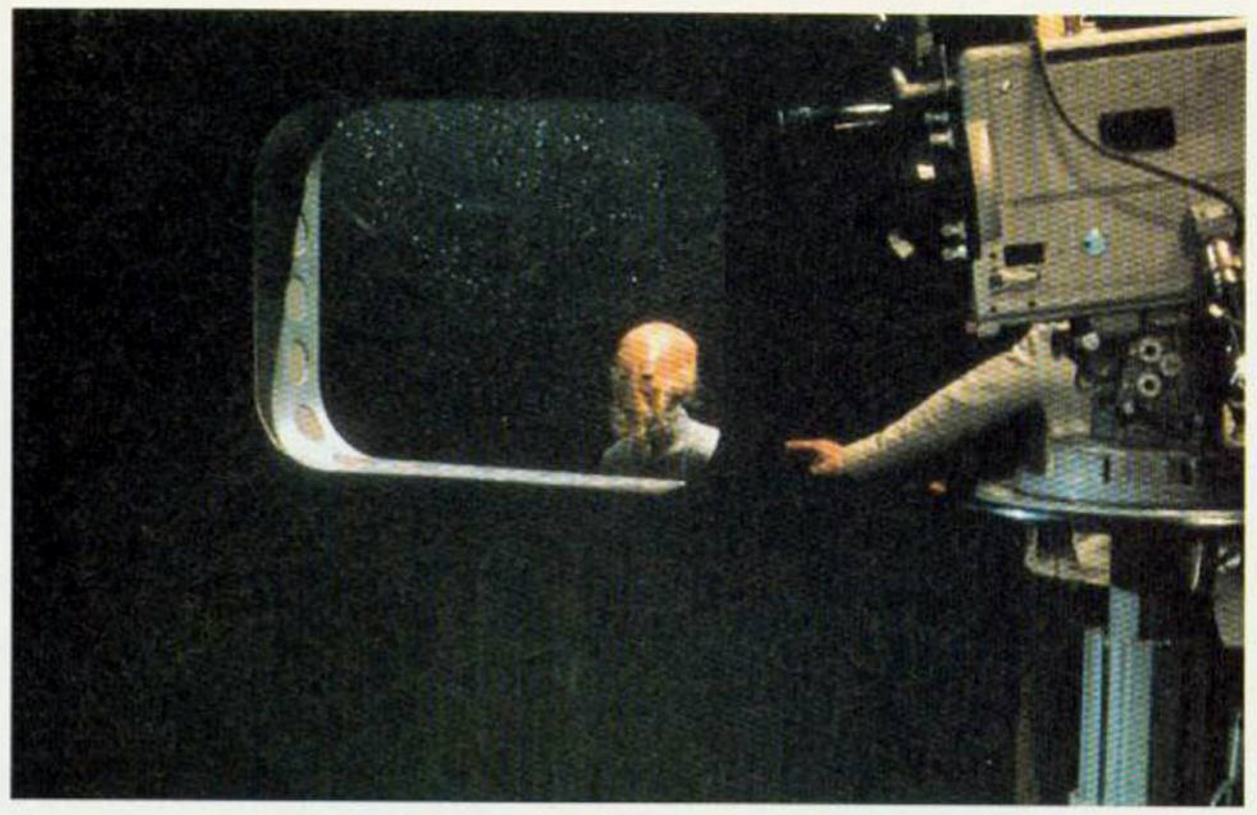


SCRIPTING THE SENSORITES

An alien Sensorite was first seen in the cliffhanger to the first episode, *Strangers in Space*, and described thus: "It has a huge, bulb-shaped head, very wide at the top, it is indeed a fearsome creature". In the second script, *The Unwilling Warriors*, it was indicated that one of the Sensorites should use "the microphone that hangs against his throat"; a later rewrite indicated that the First Sensorite "presses his microphone to his forehead". *Hidden Danger*, the third script, saw the action shift to the Sense-Sphere, where more could be gleaned of the Sensorites' culture. The First Elder wore "a very distinctive sash"; his room would be decorated simply, adding that "Sensorites are sensitive to noise and light. Thus the walls should appear to be insulated, the floor should seem to be thickly carpeted. There is one door only and it should make no noise when it opens."

The second script, *The Unwilling Warriors*, included a semi-educational dialogue between Ian and Susan concerning the use of the spaceship's spectrograph. For the first time, the Doctor revealed mild telepathic abilities in reading Ian's thoughts, and in the fifth episode, *Kidnap*, the Doctor claimed to have met Beau Brummel on a past visit to Earth. In *A Desperate Venture*, the final script, Susan would describe her and the Doctor's still-unnamed homeworld again. The character of Barbara Wright did not appear in either the fourth or fifth scripts, enabling actress Jacqueline Hill to take a fortnight's holiday from the series as other of the regular cast had earlier in Season One.

The serial was originally due to be recorded entirely in Lime Grove's Studio D, but neither this, nor the alternative Studio G, were considered suitable by producer Verity Lambert; D's "technical facilities and working conditions" were felt to be lacking, and G's shape precluded the construction of composite sets. On Thursday 20th May, Head of Drama Sydney Newman sent Donald Baverstock, Chief of Programmes, a memo suggesting that *Doctor Who* should be cancelled if better studio facilities could not be permanently allocated to the programme. The following day, having established that it was now too late to rewrite *The Sensorites* for mounting in the restrictive Studio G, it was resolved that the story would be recorded in, variously, Television Centre studios TC3, TC4 and Lime Grove D. Senior Planning Assistant John Mair warned, however, that "union problems" might arise should *Doctor Who* remain in D for any longer than was essential. The long-term battle over the series' studio allocation would continue . . .



The director of the serial's first four episodes was *Doctor Who*'s associate producer Mervyn Pinfield, a highly experienced director. Pinfield's production team comprised designer Raymond P Cusick, make-up designer Jill Summers and costume designer Daphne Dare. Cusick, effectively one of two designers alternating on the series at that point, had already handled three stories; Summers had joined with *The Keys of Marinus*, and Dare's association went back to the first Dalek serial.

Pre-filming on *The Sensorites* was minimal; three silent 35mm sequences for the first and last episodes were shot at Ealing Film Studios in May 1964. Two of these would be seen as views through the spaceship window in *Strangers in Space*: the first showed the Sense-Sphere approaching and passing the ship, and the second two Sensorites crossing the starry sky towards the vessel. The third film sequence, used at the end of *A Desperate Venture*, was a model shot of Maitland's ship moving off through space (this would be seen via the TARDIS' scanner screen).

In May, during the run-up to recording, various amendments were made to the script for *The Unwilling Warriors*, presumably by Whitaker; rewritten scenes included that where Barbara, Susan and John would remark upon the Sensorites' use of telepathy as a weapon, the insertion of another reference to a story prior to *100,000 BC* in Susan's comment about plant life on the planet Esto, and also the scene where the First Sensorite communicates with the Sense-Sphere's First Elder.

Rehearsals for *The Sensorites* commenced on Monday 25th May at the Territorial Army Drill Hall, Uxbridge Road. The regular cast were joined by Stephen Dartnell, Ilona Rodgers and Lorne Cossette. Dartnell had featured five weeks earlier in the final episode of *The Keys of Marinus* as the masked Yartek, leader of the alien Voord, but now appeared as mineralogist John. Rodgers, a rising Australian actress, was later considered for the role of the female lead in ITC's *The Champions*.

Several *Hidden Danger* sequences were reworked and rewritten that same Monday. Scenes adjusted included that of the two Sensorites being overpowered in the darkness; the Doctor's chiding of Susan; Carol tending to John in the cabin; the Sensorites telling the Doctor's party of the humans which earlier visited their planet, and the disease which wiped them out; the Second Elder commenting to the City Administrator (aka Third Sensorite) on the use of the disintegrator; the Second Elder ending the attack on the humans in the disintegrator room; and the First Elder explaining both his species' fear of humans, their treatment of John, and introducing the Doctor's party to the crystal water. An entirely new scene was added, too: set in the disintegrator room, the scene showed the Third and Fourth Sensorites aligning the beams of their weapons.

Strangers in Space was recorded in TC3 on Friday 29th May and, as with all six episodes, was scheduled for taping between 8.30 and 9.45pm. During that afternoon's camera rehearsals, a BBC photographer took portrait shots of guest cast Rodgers and Cossette in costume, plus pictures of Hill and Ford with Dartnell on the corridor set. The humans' outfits were largely plain uniforms consisting of a dark blue rear-fastened collarless jacket with rocket insignia, matching trousers, a light blue shirt and a small *avant-garde* collar band.

The episode began with a re-enactment of the action from the final scene of the previous episode, *The Aztecs*: *The Day of Darkness*; opening captions were superimposed over a close-up of the TARDIS console. Static was fed to the television monitor which doubled as the TARDIS' scanner. The TARDIS set was built adjacent to the spaceship set so that the regular cast could walk out of the TARDIS, the camera following them through the doors and into the humans' ship. A recording break was scheduled to enable the police box shell to be placed at the edge of the spaceship set.

The 'spaceship' comprised a series of linked sets: the flight deck, two corridors, and a number of locker/crew rooms. The two bulkhead doors leading from the flight deck to the corridors were circular, and slid up into the ceiling (the sound effect used for these was exactly the same as that used for the doors in *The Daleks*' Dalek city). Behind the observation window was a screen onto which was projected slides showing both a starry sky and the distant Sense-Sphere, plus the Ealing film sequences. Cusick's set, painted an *ersatz* metal grey, was constructed in hardboard by Bill Roberts of Shawcraft. Pinfield instructed the cast to move around the set slowly, to give it an impression of size.

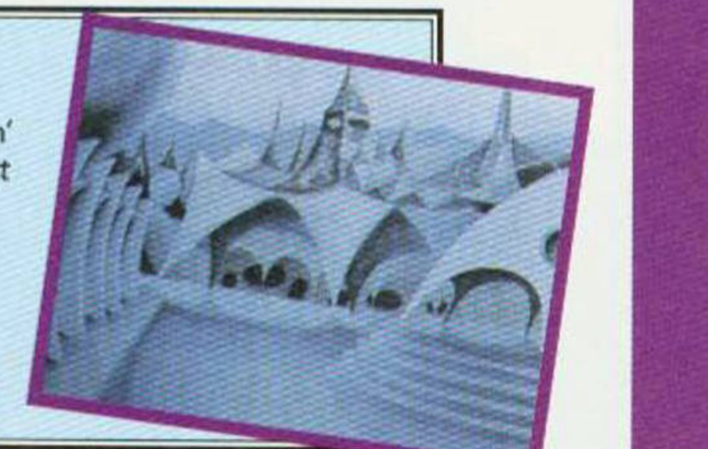
One further recording break was scheduled to reposition both cameras and cast; this came after the the scene in which the ship dives towards the Sense-Sphere and

INCIDENTAL MUSIC NORMAN KAY

The serial's music was composed and recorded by Norman Kay, who had previously scored both *100,000 BC* and *The Keys of Marinus*; Kay's *Sensorites* soundtrack incorporated piano, percussion and brass. Almost thirty minutes of music was pre-recorded for the studio sessions; Kay conducted a group of seven session musicians. *The Sensorites* would prove to be his final work for *Doctor Who*; he went on to provide both theme and incidentals for BBC2's 1965 science-fiction anthology *Out of the Unknown*, and also contributed to BBC2's 1968 anthology *Late Night Horror*.

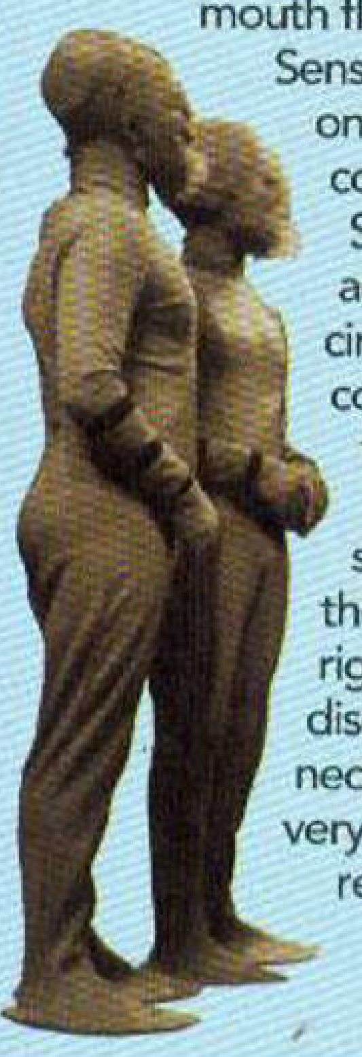
DESIGN THE SENSE-SPHERE

Raymond P Cusick's designs for the Sensorite city shunned straight lines and right angles in favour of 'alien' curves and circles. The sets, which had a very organic *art nouveau* feel, recalled the work of Spanish architect Antoni Gaudi (especially a Gaudi cathedral near Barcelona constructed without any right angles at all). The forecourt, which incorporated a working fountain, had painted backdrops showing the extent of the Sensorite city.



COSTUME THE SENSORITES

The Sensorite outfits, a collaboration between costume designer Daphne Dare and make-up designer Jill Summers, were designed for short actors (generally 5' 5" in height). The Sensorite masks were a rigid flesh-coloured fabric stretched over a wire framework; Dare designed them to look like wise old men. The artiste saw through narrow dark eye-slits (in *The Unwilling Warriors*, the Doctor remarks that the Sensorites' pupils are fully dilated). To allow the actors freedom to speak their lines, mouth flaps were concealed beneath the Sensorite beards. The costumes were one-piece lilac jumpsuits with high collars, and fastened at the back. The Sensorites' distinctive feet were achieved by stretching out pieces of circular card at the end of the costume; consequently, actors found walking in the outfits difficult, and had a habit of standing on one another's feet. The silver raquet-like weapons handled by the Sensorites could be hung on the right hip, and their "mind transmitter discs" hung on cords to the right of the neck. Summer heat made the costumes very uncomfortable, and camera rehearsals involving Sensorite performers were generally conducted without masks.



Maitland agonises over his inability to alleviate the crisis. Hartnell did not appear to be at his ease during the recording, 'fluffing' several lines. Bar the shots of a mysterious gloved hand removing the TARDIS' opening mechanism, only one Sensorite was glimpsed in the opening episode – hanging in space outside the ship's observation window (this uncredited role went to extra Anthony Rogers).

The on-screen extraction of the TARDIS' opening mechanism was achieved in three stages. Smoke appeared around the TARDIS' lock as a gloved Sensorite hand, wielding a weapon, came into view; a small flash charge detonated inside the lock, and the hand pulled the lock's inner tube free. To give the impression that the spaceship was rolling on its axis as it hurtled towards the Sense-Sphere, the camera was rocked and the control room lights flashed on and off erratically. The Sensorites' arrival was indicated by two lights moving across the back projection screen.

The second instalment, *The Unwilling Warriors*, was recorded one week later on Friday 5th June, also in TC3. A second afternoon photocall focused on the TARDIS crew, Maitland's complement and two Sensorites.

No recording breaks were scheduled for this instalment, nor for the next three episodes. The first episode's cliffhanger was reprised, the Sensorite at the window now either Ken Tyllsen or Joe Greig, one of the two credited performers. Both Sensorites wore three black bands around the lower part of each arm, later revealed to indicate their status as warriors. A fade to black after the rescue of Barbara and Susan part-way through the episode indicated the passing of time (no break in taping occurred). For the scenes in which the Sensorites communicated telepathically with Susan, a high-pitched sound effect was played into the studio.

Hidden Danger, the next instalment, was recorded on Friday 12th June at the less suitable Lime Grove Studio D; sticky summer heat would make work very uncomfortable in the coming weeks. Part-way through the episode, the story's action shifted from the spaceship to the mysterious Sense-Sphere.

Many more different Sensorite ranks and insignia were shown in this episode. As the First Elder, actor Eric Francis wore two dark sashes across the chest; Second Elder Bartlett Mullins wore just the one. City Administrator Peter Glaze – a one-time understudy to the 'Crazy Gang' who, since 1960, had become well-known for his comic pairing with Leslie Crowther on *Crackerjack* – had a dark band around his neck. The Engineer, played by Arthur Newall, had no insignia at all. Anthony Rogers and Gerry Martin also appeared as two non-speaking Sensorite servants at the Palace of Elders, again without insignia.

With recording of *Hidden Danger* completed, Hill began her two weeks' holiday as Barbara remained on the spaceship. Rehearsals for the next episode, *A Race Against Death*, began on Monday 15th June. During this time, William Russell was required on Ealing Studios' Stage 3A on both Tuesday 16th and Wednesday 17th June to shoot scenes for the second and third episodes of the next serial, *The Reign of Terror*; these film sequences would enable him to take his fortnight's leave.

A Race Against Death was videotaped on Friday 19th June in TC4. Several of the Sensorite actors changed roles for this episode. Tyllsen, who had been the First Sensorite, became the Senior Scientist; Greig became the Second Scientist. The armbands now removed, they sported a spiral design on their chests. Rogers and Martin appeared as non-speaking Sensorites once more (as the servant of the First Elder and as a collaborator with the City Administrator).

OVERSEAS SALES

The serial, which was telesnapped by John Cura, was sold abroad as a set of 16mm film prints, arriving in Australia in December 1964 where *Strangers in Space* and *The Unwilling Warriors*, originally rated 'A', were edited down to 'G', although the remaining four episodes were then passed with an 'A' rating for broadcast in 1965. BBC documentation shows that the serial was sold to New Zealand, but was certainly not broadcast at this time. Other overseas sales were made to Singapore, Nigeria, Iran, Hong Kong, Arabia, Zambia, Trinidad and Tobago, Ethiopia, Uganda, Cyprus, Mexico, Jamaica, Barbados, Rhodesia, Venezula, Kenya, Mauritius, Thailand, Tunisia, Sierra Leone and Morocco. The rights to sell the serial abroad initially lapsed in July 1969 and, in October 1969, after several letters to writer Newman's agents over a four month period, permission was granted to make further sales of *The Sensorites* on Newman's behalf. The only other sale after this time was to Algeria in 1973, after which BBC Enterprises withdrew it from their list of available stories.

The Sensorites were seen to write a list of ten districts prepared to check their water supplies in ornately-inscribed English. Crossfades between scenes of Susan tending to Ian, the list of districts being marked off and the Doctor at work in the Sensorite laboratory were used to convey the passage of time. A standard torch doubled for the "radio-electric light" prop given to Ian and Susan by the Sensorites; a studio spotlight was used to produce the strangely powerful beam emitted from the end of the Doctor's small pen torch as he explored the aqueduct, which was a minimal set comprising pipes, support pillars and black drapes. Jacqueline Hill was still credited on the closing captions despite her non-appearance.

For the final two episodes, Frank Cox took over as director (Pinfield's credit as associate producer was restored to the closing credits). Cox was familiar with the series, having directed *Inside the Spaceship: The Brink of Disaster* earlier in the year. By this time, the crew believed that they might well have another week in hand with production, since it now seemed unlikely that *Hidden Danger* would be transmitted on Saturday 4th July as initially planned.

The fifth episode, *Kidnap*, was recorded back at Lime Grove's sweltering Studio D on Friday 26th June, starting with a new reprise of the previous episode's cliffhanger. In the first shot, Hartnell was seen in close-up facing the camera to disguise the fact that his jacket had already been ripped to shreds by the 'monsters' which were about to assault him.

For this episode, Greig played a Senior Warrior, his costume bearing three arm bands as per earlier episodes. Rogers and Martin appeared yet again as rankless Sensorites (a servant and a messenger at the Palace of Elders).

Concluding episode *A Desperate Venture* was recorded on Friday 3rd July in Lime Grove Studio D. Cox cast John Bailey – whom he'd seen in a performance of *Pygmalion* at Pitlochry – as the commander of the human renegades. Hill rejoined the cast for the final episode, and Bartlett Mullins also received a payment, despite the fact that rewrites had meant that his character, now already killed off, no longer appeared.

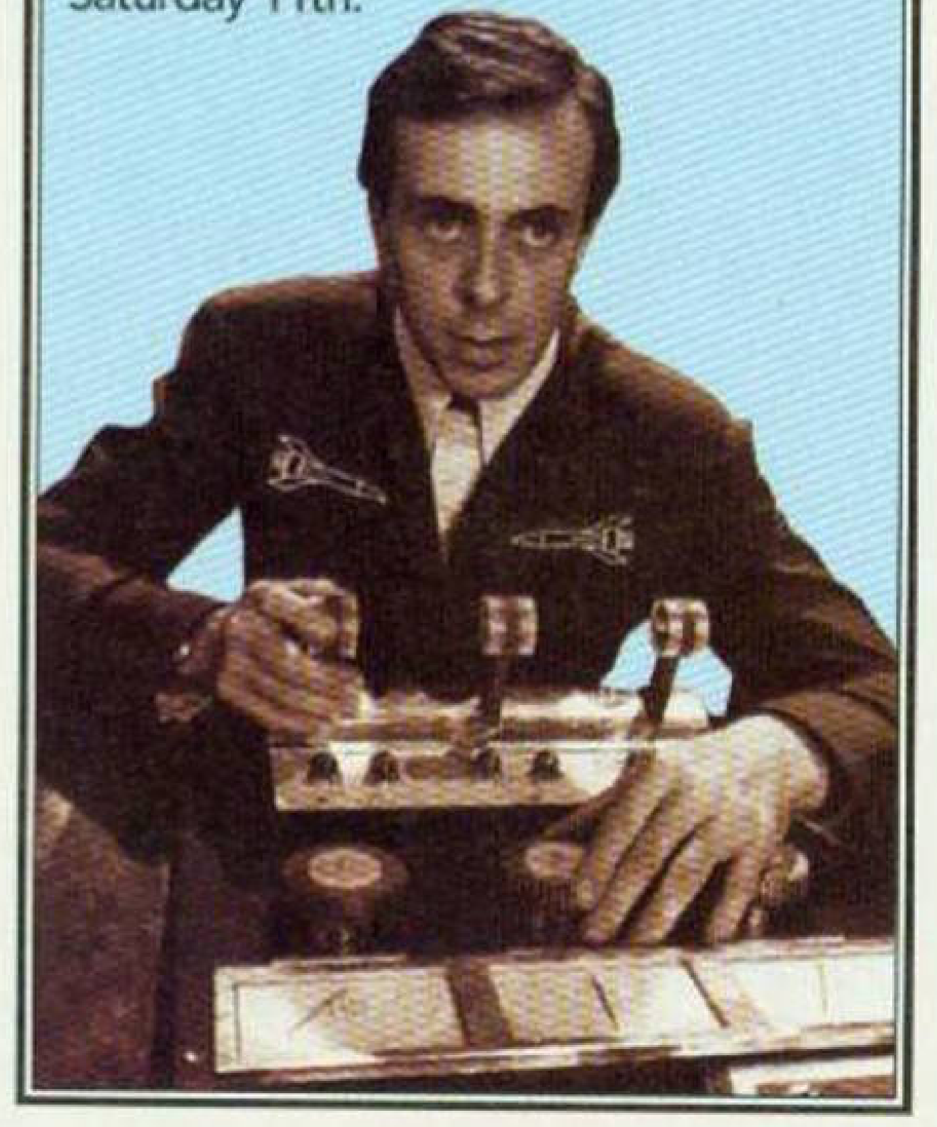
The episode opened with a brief 35mm film recording reprise of the end of *Kidnap*; new music played over this. Two copies were made of the note written to John from Carol, allowing a crossfade between the letter in the disintegrator room to the 'same' letter being held by the newly-arrived Barbara. John's recovery being now complete, Dartnell's hair was not streaked as heavily white as it had been in previous instalments. As 'Carol' tore the cable from the disintegrator, a small flash charge attached to the device was detonated on cue.

In this episode, Glaze wore the single sash of the Second Elder, although he was still referred to at times as the City Administrator. Like Mullins, neither Tyllsen or Martin were required; Rogers, however, reappeared as a non-speaking warrior.

During the scene where the Doctor was called upon to relate the letters borne by the fragment of shoulder flash, Hartnell muddled his delivery of the letters "I, N, E, E, R" (the end of the word 'engineer', contrary to later assumptions made in several published tomes), enunciating instead "I, N, N, E, R". The pipe sets were built from three linked sections; by moving

TRANSMISSION DELAYS AND POSTPONEMENTS

Summer sporting fixtures took their toll on BBC1's schedules on Saturday 27th June when *Summer Grandstand* overran; consequently, *The Unwilling Warriors* was broadcast 25 minutes later than scheduled. As had been suspected in late June, *Hidden Danger* was not ultimately transmitted on Saturday 4th July (although some provisional schedules had indicated that it would go out that day in the later slot of 7.10pm – a slot eventually devoted to *Juke Box Jury*); *Doctor Who* was given a week's break to make way for an extended edition of *Summer Grandstand* (which covered both an England versus Australia test match, and tennis from Wimbledon). *Hidden Danger* aired in the usual 5.15pm slot on Saturday 11th.



PROMOTION RADIO TIMES

The serial was previewed in *Radio Times* on Thursday 18th June; a small illustrated feature entitled "Dr Who: Strangers in Space" set the scene for the serial. On Thursday 16th July, to push the serial's fourth instalment, *A Race Against Death*, *Radio Times* ran a half-page interview with William Hartnell entitled "The Man Who's Who".

the camera and having the cast double back on themselves, it appeared to form different parts of the aqueduct.

The scene at the entrance to the aqueduct was a late addition to the script; a recording break beforehand allowed the actors to move from the channel sets to the exit. The effect of the Senior Warrior's hand ray striking the Commander was achieved simply via a sound effect heard as Bailey crumpled to the ground.

A small version of the TARDIS set was erected for the serial's final scene; the Ealing film sequence showing Maitland's rocket departing played on the monitor doubling as the TARDIS' scanner screen. The closing caption, "Next Episode: *A Land of Fear*", was shown over a shot of the scene in the TARDIS control room.

The following week, on Friday 10th July in Lime Grove Studio G, immediately prior to taping the first episode of *The Reign of Terror*, director Henric Hirsch's team recorded a single insert shot for *The Sensorites* at the start of the evening's work. This was apparently a remount of the film sequence showing Maitland's spaceship on the TARDIS scanner to be inserted into the final edit of *A Desperate Venture*.

The Sensorites proved to be Peter R Newman's final televised work. During 1964, Newman worked on a serial for BBC2 entitled *The Gossamer Thread*, but after several rewrites guided by script editors John Wiles and Roger Parkes, the scripts were written off and abandoned. Nothing is known of his later career; subsequently depressed, he apparently died in the late sixties.

Frank Cox's BBC career continued apace, directing episodes of *The Revenue Men*, *The Troubleshooters*, *Softly, Softly: Task Force*, *The View from Daniel Pike*, *Barlow at Large* and *Warship* before taking over as producer of *Sutherland's Law* in 1974. Turning freelance in 1977, he continued to produce plays such as *Life at Stake*, *Spy!* and *Byron – A Personal Tour* before moving to join his old friend Robert Love at Scottish Television, with whom he has worked since the mid-eighties on series like *Taggart* and *Take the High Road*.

Due to the hot weather, ratings for *The Sensorites* were slightly down on those for *The Aztecs*; *A Race Against Death*, broadcast at the height of the holiday season, garnered the series' lowest rating since *100,000 BC*: *An Unearthly Child*'s first transmission. Opposition in the ITV regions came from reruns of both *The Buccaneers* and *Hawkeye and the Last of the Mohicans* (ATV London), *The Bugs Bunny Show* (ABC) and *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (Southern).

In autumn 1965, the Sensorites returned in the first edition of *The Dr Who Annual* published by World Distributors Ltd; in a text story entitled *The Monsters from Earth*, the quiet creatures now worshipped the sacred Zilgans. The only other piece of merchandise associated with the aliens was a 40mm Sensorite figure issued by Fine Art Castings in 1985. Released in July 1993, the BBC CD *Doctor Who – 30 Years at the Radiophonic Workshop* included Brian Hodgson's 'Sensorite laboratory' sound effect.

Thinking the master tapes to be of no further value, the BBC Film and Television Archives wiped the original recordings in the sixties: *Hidden Danger*, *A Race Against Death* and *Kidnap* were erased on Thursday 17th August 1967, and the remaining three episodes were destroyed on Friday 31st January 1969. However, BBC Enterprises had independently retained the negatives of their 16mm film recordings. In the mid-eighties, Enterprises made the serial available to North America where it was broadcast in both episodic and compilation form. As the latter, it now ran to two hours twenty-one minutes and ended with a new set of (incomplete) closing credits.

By 1986, with very few *Doctor Who* serials yet to be novelised, Target Books editor Nigel Robinson elected to adapt Newman's scripts himself. Adhering closely to the teleplay, *Doctor Who – The Sensorites* was first published in hardback by WH Allen in February 1987; the cover painting of the First Doctor and a Sensorite was by Tony Masero. The paperback edition, Book No 118 in Target's *Doctor Who* library, was published in July 1987.

UK Gold broadcast the re-edited overseas prints of *The Sensorites* in November/December 1992; a compilation repeat followed. The BBC Archives now retain the entire serial on 16mm film recording as a potential video release.

Andrew Pixley

Serial G THE SENSORITES

CAST William Hartnell (*Dr Who*), William Russell (*Ian Chesterton*), Jacqueline Hill (*Barbara Wright*)* and Carole Ann Ford (*Susan Foreman*) with Stephen Dartnell (*John*), Ilona Rodgers (*Carol*), Lorne Cossette (*Maitland*) [1-3], John Bailey (*Commander*) [6], Martyn Huntley (*First Human*) [6], Giles Phibbs (*Second Human*) [6], Ken Tyllsen (*First Sensorite*) [2-3], Joe Greig (*Second Sensorite*) [2-3], Peter Glaze (*Third Sensorite*) [3-6], Arthur Newall (*Fourth Sensorite*) [3-6], Eric Francis (*First Elder*) [3-6], Bartlett Mullins (*Second Elder*) [3-5], Ken Tyllsen (*First Scientist*) [4-5], Joe Greig (*Second Scientist*) [4], Joe Greig (*Warrior*) [5-6] and Anthony Rogers (*Sensorite*) [3-6], Gerry Martin (*Sensorite*) [3-5].

* Credited on all episodes but absent from *A Race Against Death* and *Kidnap*

EXTRAS Anthony Rogers (*Sensorite outside ship*).

CREDITS Written by Peter R Newman. Title music by Ron Grainer with the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Incidental music composed and conducted by Norman Kay. Costumes supervised by Daphne Dare*. Make-Up supervised by Jill Summers*. Story Editor: David Whitaker. Designer: Raymond P. Cusick. Associate Producer: Mervyn Pinfield [5-6, uncredited on 1-4]. Producer: Verity Lambert. Directed by Mervyn Pinfield [1-4], Frank Cox [5-6].

* Credited on *A Desperate Venture* only

UK BROADCAST DETAILS

Strangers In Space	20th June, 1964	5.15pm-5.40pm
The Unwilling Warriors	27th June, 1964	5.40pm-6.05pm*
Hidden Danger	11th July, 1964	5.15pm-5.40pm**
A Race Against Death	18th July, 1964	5.15pm-5.40pm
Kidnap	25th July, 1964	5.15pm-5.40pm
A Desperate Venture	1st August, 1964	5.15pm-5.40pm

* Scheduled for 5.15pm-5.40pm

** Provisionally scheduled for 4th July, 1964 7.10pm-7.35pm

Viewing Figures

Strangers in Space 7.9M (17th), *The Unwilling Warriors* 6.9M (39th), *Hidden Danger* 7.4M (22nd), *A Race Against Death* 5.5M (58th), *Kidnap* 6.9M (29th), *A Desperate Venture* 6.9M (39th)

Audience Appreciation

Strangers in Space 59%, *The Unwilling Warriors* 59%, *Hidden Danger* 56%, *A Race Against Death* 60%, *Kidnap* 57%, *A Desperate Venture* 57%

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Out of the TARDIS!

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SARAH JANE SMITH
ONE WOMAN AND HER DOG

Here at **DWM** we were delighted when, after numerous requests c/o Sarah Jane Smith at *Metropolitan* magazine, we were finally able to fix a date to interview perhaps the most keenly sought-after and yet frustratingly elusive *Doctor Who* celebrity of them all, someone whom regular readers will know is a particular favourite of ours . . .

K9 was constructed on the cusp of the Fifth Millennium AD by Professor Marius of the intergalactic Centre for Alien Biomorphology – the Bi-Al Foundation. Earthling Marius, unable to bring his pet hound to the Foundation for fear of incurring too great a weight penalty, had built his mobile data analyser in the shape of a dog, and christened said metal mutt, none-too amusingly, K9. Errant Time Lord the Doctor first encountered K9 when bedded as a Foundation outpatient after falling victim to a extraterrestrial infection; thereafter, K9 adopted the Doctor and Leela and shared many of their fabulous adventures in the swirling dimensions of Time and Space. The original K9 remained with Mistress Leela on planet Gallifrey; the Doctor embarked upon his subsequent search for the Key to Time accompanied by both a self-built Mark II version and a new assistant, former Time Tot Romanadvoratrelundar. During the course of a series of exploits in the uncharted regions of E-Space, the Mark II K9 was damaged and stayed in this dimension to help the exploited Tharils, assisted by Romana. A Mark III version was constructed by the Doctor to keep former companion and investigative journalist Sarah Jane Smith out of trouble; like the Mark II, this model's memory wafers had been updated by the Doctor to encompass earlier of K9's adventures.

It was this version of K9 we collared at last year's PanoptiCon convention in Coventry. Although initially as reluctant to proceed as an artificially-engineered robot dog can be – "I was ordered to answer all your questions by Mistress Sarah Jane Smith. I am happy to concur with her request" – he soon warmed to our probing. Obviously, we had to pull questions from the tin on his behalf; explained K9, "This unit is not equipped for the complex manipulation of human-produced hard copy data. Direct interfacing with more sophisticated systems is more satisfying and efficient . . ."

Did you have a childhood hero?
The question is based on a misunderstanding of this unit's functional nature. My memory wafers absorb data but there is no comparable state to human childhood in my experience.

What is the first thing you do in the morning?
Following a rest period I carry out a full, non specific test on all internal systems. I then ask for orders from the Doctor-Master.

K·9
POLICE BOX

The TARDIS tin contains fifty soul-searching, bizarre and downright trivial questions. Each celebrity must answer twenty randomly selected queries . . .

If you had three wishes, what would they be?
Wish: an act or instance of desiring.

Wish 1: that the Doctor-Master would take greater care in the navigation of the TARDIS.

Wish 2: that the human devices known as steps or stairs would be removed from all environments.

Wish 3: that my Mistress Sarah Jane Smith would move from Croydon. Croydon is a level four suburban conurbation on planet Earth. I would prefer to live in Purley.

Do you like Daleks?
Negative. Daleks: mutated creatures from planet Skaro, great enemies of the Doctor Master. It is not possible for them to be my friends.

Do you follow a soap opera?
Soap: human cleansing agent in solid, soluble form. Opera: human musical and theatrical entertainment. I have never followed either soap or opera.

Who was your first best friend?
My first Master was Professor Marius, specialist in extra-solar infections at the Bi-Al Foundation, Asteroid K4067. We spent many happy hours together investigating rare diseases, and occasionally he would teach me German drinking songs.

Would your life have been different without *Doctor Who*?
Affirmative. I would have investigated many more rare diseases and learnt many more German drinking songs.

What do you see – a glass half full of water or a glass half empty?
Illogical hypothesis. If the container appeared on first examination to hold liquid water in a 50 per cent capacity of its volume I would use my sensors to scan at a molecular level to provide an exact answer.

Do you like your own name?
My nomenclature was appended as an amusement. K9 suggests "canine", meaning "dog-like". I was told that all humans, except those who read **Doctor Who Magazine**, find this witty. The readers of **Doctor Who Magazine** are too intellectually advanced to find humour in this.

Who would you most like to meet?
Stimulating communication in Croydon has been limited. Master Brendan's PlayStation unit has only a restricted conversational ability.

Fulfilling data transfer would only be possible with another K9 unit. An interface between my nose sensor and the lateral antenna of my Mark I variant on Gallifrey might lead to a most satisfying down-loading.

What makes you angry?
Issues regarding relative states of satisfaction or dissatisfaction are irrelevant to this unit. Responses to meaningless and trivial enquiries such as these, however, are an inappropriate waste of processing power. Please proceed.

Can you remember your first kiss?
Affirmative. Mistress Leela kissed me when I was in a state of disrepair. Also, the Doctor-Master kissed me when my head was once turned around the wrong way. I did not experience sexual arousal; I do not know if they did. If they had asked I would have done my best but I regret I am not equipped to dispense sexual pleasure.

When and where were you happiest?
My encounter with the computer Mentalis on the planet Zeos brought me much gratification. I spent an hour or two in conference with Mentalis and we sucked each others' data banks.

What is the worst place you that you have ever stayed the night?
In the moat of Castle Gracht on planet Tara. An error by the Doctor-Master stranded me in a small, spinning water vehicle. Mistress Romana fished me out. The experience was humiliating.

Do you prefer Captain Kirk or Captain Picard?
Accessing . . . Terms 'Kirk' and 'Picard' refer to product branding of late twentieth century merchandising franchise inspired by moderately popular television entertainment of the Earth year 1966. Preference of character is meaningless, although Captain Kirk's speech patterns are more pleasing to this unit.

Do you believe it can rain fish?
Affirmative. There are regular falls of fish on the planet Degobrius 56, also known as the planet of the falling skyfish, or the World of the Descending Trout.

If you could swap places with another robot for a day, who would it be?
Michael Portillo. Oops. Timing Malfunction. This is 1997. You will not discover Michael Portillo's true nature until 1998. Please erase this information from your memories.

Is Elvis still alive?
Elvis: inferring culture and folklore. Elvis Aaron Presley, 1935-1977. Rock and roll performer. Decease caused by ingestion of foot-long lard sandwiches. Answer therefore negative.

What is the worst song you have ever heard?
My data banks contain 233 songs defined as bad. I shall sing them all.

Number one: 'You - ain't - nothing - but - a - hound - dog, crying - all - the - time. You - ain't - never - caught - a - rabbit - and - you - ain't - no - friend - of - mine.'

Number two: 'Save - all - your - kiss-es - for me, save - all - your - kiss-es - for me.'

Number three: 'Af-ter - all, you're - my - won-der-wall . . .'

Sorry K9, but we're running out of space. It's been great fun and we'd like to thank you for taking the time to talk to us and providing such full answers to our questions.
Your expression of gratitude is unnecessary, but it has been stored in this unit's memory.

Number four: 'Doc-tor - in - dis-tress, let's - all - ans-wer - his - SOS . . .'
(*That's quite enough - Ed.*)

K9 programmed by Gareth Roberts; additional input by Gary Gillatt

Grooming and kennel maintenance: Dave Brian

Personal trainer: Alastair Locke

Questions devised by Lee Mansfield and John Ainsworth

Photography by Robin Prichard

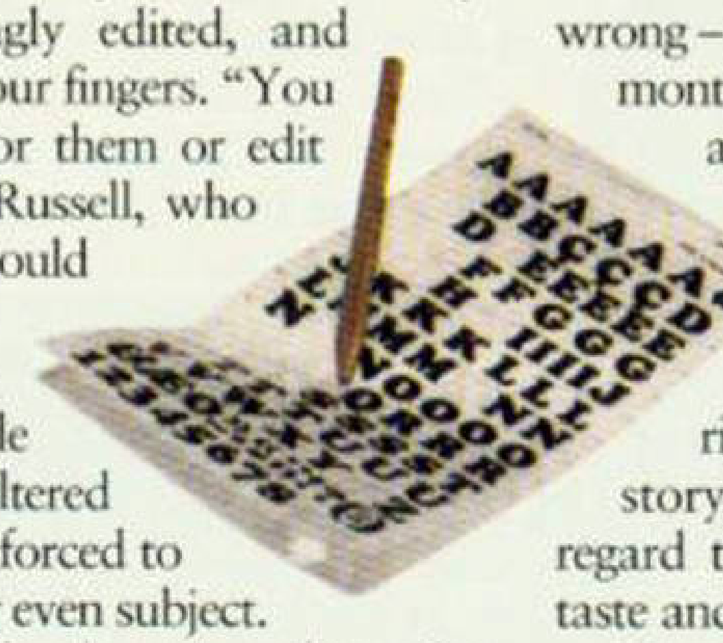
BEHIND THE ZINES

DWM re-opens the popular *Fanzine Trap* over the page. For the benefit of the uninitiated, **Dave Owen** braves a flurry of Letraset – and delves deep into the murky world of fan publishing . . .

SKARO
Shada
EYE OF HORUS
GERALD FLOOD
Malus Morethought

When does one stop being simply a consumer, and start to become a fan? It might be possible to own every *Doctor Who* book published, read **Doctor Who Magazine** every month, and diligently purchase every single licensed piece of merchandise linked to the series, and yet live in something of a vacuum, never interacting with fellow followers. A good way to define a member of 'fandom' might be whether or not one reads, contributes to, or produces a fanzine.

A fanzine is a non-profit-making magazine produced by and for fans. *Doctor Who* is not unique in having spawned such publications; wherever there is enthusiasm and a modicum of literary or journalistic ability, fanzines flourish – one only has to scan the small ads at the back of most music periodicals to see the range of artists thus commemorated. Cults manifest themselves through fanzines long before commercial vehicles exist for them: football fanzine *When Saturday Comes* was around long before BBC television first broadcast *Fantasy Football League*. Likewise, fanzines were being produced well ahead of Marvel's **Doctor Who Magazine**.



It is commercialism, not professionalism, that differentiates fanzines from such profit-led counterparts. Many fanzines are every bit as diligently researched, painstakingly edited, and lavishly-tooled as the organ now betwixt your fingers. "You don't get paid to produce them, write for them or edit them," notes former *Shada* editor Gary Russell, who grew up to edit **DWM**. "It is, was, and should be a labour of love." Such altruism is rewarded with a flexibility unavailable to professionals; typically, deadlines are flexible or non-existent, publishing dates may be altered willy-nilly, and no fanzine editor was ever forced to maintain consistency of format, content, or even subject. This freedom results in a wide diversity of style and quality – for every mimeographed masterpiece, there will be another title that is simply a waste of paper, ink, and time.

Once upon a time, in the late seventies, fanzines were sold almost exclusively via mail-order advertisements which peppered the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society's newsletter, *Celestial Toyroom*. Since then, fanzines have become more readily available, and can be found in many specialist comic and fantasy bookshops – plus, of course, through **DWM**'s own *Fanzine Trap* column. But why read fanzines at all? The practical answer is "because you want more". If 24 New and Missing Adventures every year aren't enough *Doctor Who* fiction for you, or if you find the four weeks between issues of **DWM** too agonising a wait, then fanzines are probably just the ticket.

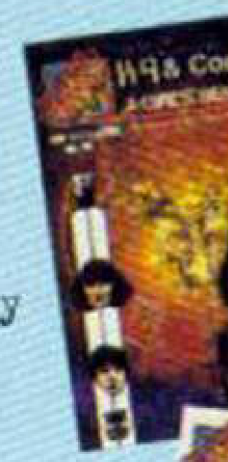
What will you find within them? Anything and everything; without either a publisher or distributor to answer to, fanzine editors have absolute *carte blanche* to include whatever they like. Staple ingredients include reviews, most obviously of televised stories, but extending to any venture even vaguely related to *Doctor Who*. You'll also find fiction, interviews, factual research, reader forums, humorous burlesques, and quasi-academic analysis. But isn't all of this readily available in **DWM**? Of course, but not in such a specialised or personal form. **DWM**'s ongoing mission – and my editor will correct me if I'm wrong – is to provide, month on month, material of interest to as large a constituency of fans as possible. In fanzines, however, feature writers can be as obscure, unreasonable, or downright bigoted as they choose; storytellers can write without regard to canonicity, internal logic, taste and decency.

COSMIC RELIEF

Cosmic relief

In the summer of 1994, fans Nick Pegg and Alec Charles saw news reports detailing the Rwandan refugee crisis – and decided to do something to help. Having previously edited fanzines such as Perigosto Stick and Aggedor, they intended to launch Cosmic Relief, a one-off fanzine to raise funds for the charity appeal. Recalls Nick: "We sent out a single-sheet appeal for artists and writers, and the response was magnificent. Within four weeks, we had the magazine on sale at a minimum suggested price of £3.00 – although most people donated far more. One person sent £50." Nick is proud of the end result: "We had unpublished fiction by Terrance Dicks and Paul Cornell, archive material from Andrew Pixley, artwork from the likes of DWM's Adrian Salmon, and even an article by someone called Dave Owen about how to write Doctor Who reviews. We aimed to raise £1,000, and in the end raised over £4,000."

Doctor Who fanzines have been around in some form or another for over thirty years. The newsletter sent to members of the William (*Doctor Who*) Hartnell Fan Club was distributed between 1965 and 1970, and was followed in the early seventies by *DWFC Mag*, the magazine of the *Doctor Who* Fan Club. Looking back at issues of *DWFC Mag*, and its successor, *Doctor Who Digest*, one can see the names of people still active in fan publishing, such as John Connors.



THE KING'S DEMONS

The real flashpoint for *Doctor Who* fanzines was *TARDIS* which, in the mid-to-late seventies, drew together the élite who would form the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society. *TARDIS* was subsequently adopted by the fledgling DWAS as their official magazine, and it was soon supplemented by newsletter *Celestial Toyroom*, which still runs today. Not only did the Society provide a focus for *Doctor Who* enthusiasts, it also showed fans that it was possible to produce their own magazines. Spearheaded by titles such as *Gallifrey* and *Oracle*, fanzine production boomed.

Incredibly, there have been at least 550 to 600 separate fanzine titles published over the last two decades, running to an average life of around three to four issues apiece. It's harder to estimate an average circulation: they range from single figures to the thousands.

A FANZINE CHRONOLOGY

1965: the William (Doctor Who) Hartnell Fan Club newsletter is the first fan publication anywhere.

1972: DWFC Mag launched.

1975: TARDIS is the first magazine not to be affiliated to an fan club. But not for long...

1976: Celestial Toyroom's first issue. After 240-odd issues, it is now the longest-running Doctor Who fanzine ever.

1980: Cyber Mark Services starts to completely document the production of Doctor Who, one story at a time. Nowadays they go under the name of In Vision. And they still haven't finished.

1983: Doctor Who Bulletin launched. Initially solely a Who newszine – and a frequent thorn in the side of the series' producer – it later becomes a general telefantasy 'zine, and eventually arrives in high street stores under the title Dreamwatch.

1984: Comic shops start to sell Doctor Who fanzines over the counter.

1985: Fan Aid, a series of three charity 'zines, raises funds for Ethiopian famine relief.

What leads people to start their own fanzines? Gary Russell was blessed with "the unswerving belief that not only could I do it, but that I could do it better than anyone else." A similar mission had driven later Virgin author John Peel back in 1977: "I had really disliked the fan fiction stories run in *TARDIS*, convinced they weren't true to the show. So Steve Evans, my co-editor, and I set out to write some that were true to the show, and mailed them to Gordon Blows, then editor of *TARDIS*. He liked them so much that he created *Cosmic Masque* for them, and made us 'The Writers Pool' for DWAS, with the aim of encouraging other writers to submit good stories." A more straightforward desire to contact other fans motivated many others, including Keith Topping and Martin Day, who edited *Antonine Killer*: "I was frankly astonished to find I wasn't the only *Doctor Who* fan in the world, and wanted to talk to others," says Keith. As the above names reveal, fanzines are also great nurturers of talent. The great majority of those now writing about the series professionally or semi-professionally began in the fanzine arena – including New Adventures authors such as Paul Cornell (whose novel *Timewyrm: Revelation* began life in the much-loved *Queen Bat*), Andy Lane and Justin Richards.

How easy is it to get started? "Really easy," remembers *Frontier Worlds* co-editor Peter Anghelides. "These were the days when you could put adverts in *Celestial Toyroom* for about fourpence, and so we used to advertise in every issue in increasingly bizarre and inappropriate ways. We borrowed a Banda spirit duplicator from a friend's father, and bought some Banda stencils from my school at 12p each and a big container of hallucinogenic duplicator spirit, which would rapidly fill the room. For a late-developing teenager like me, this was an early bedroom high." Far out. Amanda Murray found it easier still to launch *Frontios* in 1987: "I had access to free photocopying, so it didn't matter if I only sold three or four copies of each issue." And the proceeds? "I spent it all on Letraset and Pritt Sticks," she claims.

The tone and content of 'zines has varied over the years. In the seventies they were generally enthusiastic and informative, produced by those who had more access to factual information about the series than their readers. Reviews of *Doctor Who* stories might be written by someone who had been old enough to seem them on original transmission, and be as much about describing the story as evaluating it. Later, during the eighties, as knowledge of the series and its past became ever more commonplace, 'zines became more cynical, hard-edged. Latterly, a great number of fanzines have appeared with a lighter touch, such as the tongue-in-cheek *Cottage Under Siege*. Says co-editor Neil Corry: "We were sick of other fanzines being far too serious when *Doctor Who* is, after all, only a TV programme."

BEHIND THE NES

At the other extreme lies *The Frame*. Published between 1987 and 1993 by David Howe, Mark Stammers, and Stephen James Walker, *The Frame* was probably the most professionally-produced *Doctor Who* fanzine ever. The team had felt other fanzines to be unnecessarily "negative and critical"; by contrast, *The Frame*'s staff were enthusiastic about all eras of the programme. "Lots of people from the early years hadn't been interviewed, particularly on the design side, and no one else was doing it," remembers Stephen. From an initial print run of a mere 300 copies, *The Frame*'s circulation grew exponentially, selling over 3000 copies of its final, slick, glossy edition. Nevertheless, Stephen is adamant that it qualified as a fanzine: "We made a loss!" It eased the trio's move into professional authorship, too: "Showing *The Frame* to Virgin Books gave them initial confidence in our abilities." Their popular Handbooks, plus tomes such as *Doctor Who – The Sixties*, followed shortly thereafter.

My own venture came and went in a burst of enthusiasm during 1980. I had written a seditious article which criticised DWAS members for their perceived apathy. Other fanzine editors who read this feature were wary of publishing it – I was a political hot potato at the age of 14! Eager to preach my gospel, I put together a sixteen-page A5-sized fanzine over the course of a half-term school holiday. My resources were meagre: a manual typewriter, some off-screen stills I had taken during transmission of *The Horns of Nimon*, one article, and some birthday money. During that week I single-handedly wrote the remainder of the issue (under a selection of pseudonyms), typed up and Letrasetted the whole thing, and had my local Prontaprint photocopy fifty copies of the scandal sheet I'd dubbed *Genesis*. (The entire venture being an exercise in ego-gratification, I saw no reason not to name it after my favourite group – although in retrospect the cover photo of Phil Collins was probably a mistake).

BE WARNED!

A fanzine may seem a flimsy affair for the price, but bear in mind that this is due to the relatively higher cost-per-copy to print, and the fact that 'zines don't normally carry advertising.

Fanzines associated with local fan groups, such as Oxford's Capitol Spires, or Strathclyde's Paisley Pattern, may contain information pertinent only to fans in that group. Nevertheless, they may still be worth a look, and even be improved by the local colour.

CAUTION
AUTON
RUDE WORDS

Fanzine editors can print whatever they want (viz the controversial Auton). This may shock, offend, or enrage you. If the very notion of Sutekh's Bum makes you come over all faint, then avoid it.

Just because an editor promises the next issue by a given date, it doesn't mean they can deliver it by then. Fanzines are a labour of love; work, school, or college usually have to come first.

FRONTIER WORLDS
JACK'S GUARDIAN

Advertising was out of the question, but I managed to shift most of the copies at DWAS local group meetings and other such fan gatherings. Issue two was a lot slicker, boasting a colour cover (pink), articles written by people other than the editor, and bizarrely, a reduced price. I was quite proud of the final issue, which included a previously unpublished story outline for an early version of *The Faceless Ones*, and a piece by John Peel. With a print run still stuck in double figures, I decided that this was too much hard work and gave up in favour of writing for more established 'zines.

In conclusion, Gary Russell suggests a good rule of thumb for those still unsure whether or not the fanzine world is for them. "If you read *The Completely Useless Encyclopaedia* and understood all the jokes and references then you are already part of the fan community. If you didn't understand it all, but thought it looked interesting and want to know more, then fanzines are for you: join DWAS, or try a couple of issues of *Matrix* or *Skaro*. However, if you found it an incomprehensible collection of impenetrable in-jokes that left you cold, then you'd probably gain little from fanzines."

◆

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Frontios: there have been no less than four different fanzines called Frontios. What's so inspirational about that godforsaken hole, then?

Perigosto Stick: never trust a Venusian Shanghorn with your copy, eh?

Skaro, Mondas, Gallifrey, Peladon and Skonnos amply demonstrate fanzine editors' preference for sticking a pin into planetary gazetteers before naming their 'zines. Why, then, has there never been one entitled Earth?

J is possibly the shortest name for a fanzine ever. But it's no more about Serial J (Planet of Giants) than Q magazine is "the modern guide to The Space Museum and more".

Photography by
Corrina Bouch

The Fanzine Trap

operated by **Ed Salt**

It's been quite a while since **DWM** last netted small press in this Trap; non-profit-making fan magazines are now ensnared by Ed Salt. *The Fanzine Trap* brings your publication to the attention of thousands of potential readers; if you'd like our Trapper to give your masterwork the once-over, then send a sample copy to *The Fanzine Trap*, **Doctor Who Magazine**, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. Please enclose a brief covering letter outlining the editorial stance of the magazine, its cost, how to order it, and who to make cheques payable to.

THERMAL LANCE #30 (A5. 36 pages. £1.20. Cheques made payable to THERMAL LANCE from Gary Finney, 6 Vale Mills, Boyer Street, Derby, DE22 3TE)

THERMAL
X
Season Three Taster

This is simple and tastefully laid out, with a confident use of photos (in fact, some of the pages look not unlike something **DWM** might produce!), although the text is a little dry in places. Topics covered include *Doctor Who*, *The New Adventures of Superman*, Season Six of *The Avengers* and something called *The X Files* – but don't let that put you off . . .

SILVER CARRIER #9 (A5. Full colour cover. 72 pages. £2.50. Cheques made payable to SEVENTH DOOR FANZINES from Seventh Door Fanzines, 103 Canning Road, Southport, Merseyside, PR9 7SW)

SILVER CARRIER

Having previously shied away from fan fiction I approached *Silver Carrier* with some trepidation, but I was pleasantly surprised. The writing is of a reasonably good standard and there are some funny little 'interludes' between the stories. The tales encompass many eras from *Doctor Who*, past, present and future and the idea of 'Lottery Fiction' – where six random *Doctor Who* characters are picked, all of whom must be used in a single story – is inspired. A must for any fan of fan fiction!

Fanzine of the Month!

NOVEMBER SPAWNED A MONSTER (A5. 32 Pages. £1.25. Cheques made payable to ALISTAIR McGOWN from Alistair McGown, Top Floor, 20 Southpark Avenue, Hillhead, Glasgow, G12 8HZ. Supplies are limited)

NOVEMBER SPAWNED A MONSTER

If you buy no other fanzine this month, then buy this one-off production. It's an urbane, astute and insightful view of *Doctor Who*, then and now – and fandom's sometime gestalt attitude towards the series. Is this the fanzine that hates fandom? No. This is not a down-beat magazine by any means; its editors clearly love *Doctor Who* and simply seek to shake fandom out of its apathy. This is possibly the most important fanzine you will read this year. Do it.

THE THIRD BOOK OF GUNDAN, TAKEN FROM THE ELECTRIC CATHOLIC BIBLE, PUBLISHED BY THE FREE UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF GNOSIS (A4. 314 pages. £4.00. Cheques made payable to NIKOLAOS KANALES from The Free Universal Church of Gnosis, 64 Capstone Road, Malmesbury Park, Bournemouth, Dorset, BH8 8RP)

It's difficult to find suitable adjectives to describe this, um, truly remarkable piece of work. The editor, Nikolaos Kanales, clearly a man of great vision, describes this hybrid of fanzine and novel as a 'novelzine' – and it's certainly the most novel 'zine I've been presented with. This *New/Missing Adventures* inspired publication certainly gives Virgin a run for its money and, among other things, contains histories of the Seventh Doctor, Ace and Benny, the decoration of the TARDIS and the fate of Romana. Presented in a mixture of prose, poetry and songs, it also includes four previously unpublished full page pieces of art by Phil Bevan – all on yellow pages.

MATRIX #53 (A4. Full colour cover. 36 pages. £2.50. Cheques made payable to SEVENTH DOOR FANZINES, address as *Silver Carrier*)

One of the few A4 'glossies' left, this top-notch fanzine is the stable mate of *Silver Carrier*, but here the emphasis is firmly on articles and reviews, although they do still find room for some text fiction. Alongside articles on Christopher H Bidmead, *The Tenth Planet* and 'the movie', you can find pages from K9's instruction manual and discover all about the noble art of 'Darrowing' – inspired by the idiosyncratic acting style of *Timelash*'s Paul Darrow. However, the idea of watching every episode of *Doctor Who* over the course of four weeks, which their article *Marathon Menk* suggests, scared the pants off me.

MAYFIELD #2 (A4. Full colour cover. 40 pages. £2.50. Cheques made payable to A CHARLES from 47 Ashton Road, Ashton Gate, Bristol, BS3 2EQ)

I thoroughly enjoyed reading this magazine, and it's clear that editors Clayton, Alec and Mike enjoyed producing it. The emphasis is on fun, but if you're still quite young or are easily offended this may not suit – at times, the writers step over the thin line between black humour and bad taste. Such things aside, highlights for me included their comic strip *The Sweeney vs. The Daleks*, 'Anthony Ainley's Guide to Life', and the overview of the oft-forgotten seventies sitcom *Oh No! It's The Cheeky Monk*. The cover's not bad, either.

CIRCUS #5 (A5. 80 pages. £2.50. Cheques payable to COLIN BROCKHURST from Colin Brockhurst, 73 Vann Road, Fernhurst, Haslemere, Surrey, GU27 3NP)

I like this, if only for the cover photo-montage showing an Ice Warrior on a moped waving at a gang of pigs running away from a freshly graffitti-ed builders' merchants. A good example of the oft-neglected art of the A5 'zine, *Circus* is well put together and covers a broad mix of subjects, from *The Goodies* to Hitchcock to Suede (and *Doctor Who*, obviously). Good value for money, and not as wholly irreverent as the cover might suggest.

FAZE #5 (A5. Published quarterly. 44 pages. £1.00. Cheques payable to JOHN CONNORS from John Connors, 8 Henley Road, Liverpool, L18 2DW)

An unashamedly rough 'n' ready fanzine from the land of Scouse which has a distinct inclination towards the humorous. A bit of a stew, all told; included in this issue is an article on *Babylon 5* and a pleasing pull-out tribute to Jon Pertwee. A healthy mixture of sense and silliness, *Faze* aspires to be nothing more than a decent read with some laughs along the way – and, as such, it succeeds.

JON PERTWEE – ENTERTAINER (A4. Full colour cover. 32 pages. £4.00. Cheques payable to DWAS from DWAS (JP), PO Box 519, London SW17 8BU)

Earlier this year one of the country's leading entertainers died, and *Doctor Who* lost one of its greatest ambassadors. This publication is a tribute to, and a celebration of, that man. We often forget that there was much more to Jon Pertwee than his dashing dandy Doctor and this tribute – which includes contributions from the likes of Una Stubbs, David Jacobs and Lord Callaghan, plus Jon's *Doctor Who* colleagues – goes a long way towards redressing the balance.

Jon Pertwee
Entertainer

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One thing leads to another . . .

THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS

CHAPTER TWELVE – SEASON TWENTY-SIX

Doctor Who's longest-serving producer continues his revealing account of his years with the series

While Season Twenty-Five was still on air, I had a meeting with Mark Furness, the theatrical producer I'd met back in 1986 when Colin Baker and Bonnie Langford were lifted up on wires for the press on the *Peter Pan* set. Mark wanted to instigate a new *Doctor Who* play to feature some musical numbers, and he approached me to direct it.

THE ULTIMATE ADVENTURE

I agreed, and Mark asked who I wanted to write the show. I suggested Andrew Cartmel, my script editor, and Andrew asked if I'd consider both he and Ben Aaronovitch as co-writers. Mark and I concurred, and we had various meetings discussing what could be achieved on stage, as opposed to on TV. The script that Andrew and Ben delivered, despite being an early draft, was going to be splendid. Ambitious, but splendid.

Originally the play was to star Sylvester McCoy, with *Neighbours* heart-throbs Jason Donovan and Kylie Minogue as the Doctor's companions. We intended to do a tour in the UK before recording Season Twenty-Six, to be followed by a run in Australia when the season was complete. That was the idea – but, as with most things, the best laid plans . . .

Over the months, Jason and Kylie concentrated, with great success, on their pop careers – and then our recording dates for Season Twenty-Six were moved forward and the play's schedule delayed, thereby preventing both Sylvester and myself from taking part. I'd worried that my work on *Doctor Who* might suffer if I were trying to ride two bicycles at once; in any case, the BBC would only have allowed me to do the play if I could have properly managed my regular responsibilities.

At this point, Jon Pertwee was approached to replace Sylvester – and Jon wanted a writer who knew his Doctor particularly well to tailor the script especially for him. Who better than Terrance Dicks?

Despite the fact that I could no longer direct the play, Mark was adamant that I should still be involved, so I agreed to keep a watching brief on the project – to attend auditions, major rehearsals, technical sessions and otherwise be available to my old chum, Carole Todd, who took over as director. I enjoyed the experience enormously, although technically the production had some shortcomings. Jon was splendid as ever, as was Colin Baker when he took over.

The cast were terrific. We had auditioned Sean Oliver as a possible 'Jason', the male companion of the piece. He wasn't really suitable for the part, but was so good that I was determined to use him on TV, which we did in *Survival*.

There was, however, one actor who thought make-up 'poofy'; quite what he had been learning at drama school, heaven alone knows. At one point, he played a character with a Draconian-style head; the actor's mouth, chin and lips were exposed. He had been regularly told by Carole and myself that he must wear green make-up around this area of his face for that scene. Well, it was pathetic really . . . whenever Carole or I watched the show, he'd be there, green make-up and all – but, according to feed-back, he hardly ever wore it otherwise. So a game of a cat-and-mouse ensued (of which the actor may well, to this day, remain unaware). Carole and/or I would arrive unannounced to catch him on stage directly disobeying orders – but always someone seemed to spot us just before curtain up. News that we were 'in' would leak backstage, and there he'd be – green make-up and all, as though he did it every night.

There is a theatrical tradition concerning revealing your sources of gossip; wherever possible, one refers to the source as 'Dame Rumour'. In my book, what Dame Rumour says is interesting to hear, but is only to be acted upon when it is no longer in her domain – in other words, when it's fact. So I remained polite, reminded him of the note we had given about said make-up and how *Who* fans would find this inaccuracy disconcerting – and Carole and I decided to do no more than continue our ridiculous charade by turning up at theatres unannounced (once, even, in disguise!).

And then, dear reader, it happened. I informed both the company manager and the house manager I was coming one night; later rang up and cancelled, arrived after the show started, walked in late and saw it with my own eyes – no green make-up! I recall some allusions to aiming at a wall and not missing. At the end of the performance I didn't! I never wish to work with such an undisciplined actor ever again. And if he *still* thinks green make-up round one's jaw is 'poofy', let's hope he has no aspirations to play a character either older or younger than himself – or to be a clown . . .

THE CURSE OF FENRIC

This was scheduled as a mix of outside broadcast and studio recording, but when the army camp location was found, we discovered a vast section, totally unoccupied, with stark period decor – so the designer, director and production manager put forward a proposal to do the whole thing as OB. June Collins, who'd returned as my production associate, examined the cost implications with me, and in the end we agreed – extracting some financial promises that were never kept. This story went substantially over budget!

You'd think that a church with a large section of flat roof would be quite easy to find. It wasn't! In the end, we resorted to advertising in local papers near the army camp area, but it was a local historian who came to our rescue, recommending Hawkhurst.

The script called for a baby. We were keen to use a well-balanced child; there were bound to be some scary moments, what with all the breaking glass, rain effects, shotguns – not to mention the horrific Haemovores. Next door to the old TV Theatre on Shepherds Bush Green stands the Bush Hotel, always a popular haunt of BBC employees. The couple who ran the pub had a little baby, who would obviously be used to the noise of the jukebox, the sound of the slot machines, the clink of glasses and

Right: The future lies this way: Ace (Sophie Aldred) and the Doctor (Sylvester McCoy) hit the road. Photo © BBC Video

Above: The cast of *The Curse of Fenric*: Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred, Anne Reid, Dinsdale Landen, Tomek Bork and Alfred Lynch.

Inset right: The Haemovores march on the church in *The Curse of Fenric*. Photos © BBC Video

so on. Ian Fraser, our Production Manager, offered the part of Dorothy, later Ace's mother, to baby Aaron. His parents agreed, and Aaron was splendid – although I suspect in years to come he won't thank his parents for forcing him to make an appearance in *Doctor Who* in drag!

We had all kinds of weather on this shoot, including snow and lots of rain. As a result, we seemed to fall constantly behind schedule, and I was regularly found directing the second unit – I oversaw shots of the Haemovores in the graveyard, all the underwater scenes, sections of battles and so on. On the day we were due to shoot the cutaways of Jean and Phyllis' vampirised faces rotting away, a children's TV programme was present purely to reveal how this effect was done. We had to go ahead with it, although none of us was happy with the very rushed job the other show captured on tape. It was fine for their purposes, however – and we re-shot the sequence for the main programme later at another location.

The Visual Effects designer on *Fenric* came to see me before director Nick Mallett joined the production, and brought with him a head-and-shoulders cast illustrating what he thought the Haemovores should look like. Quite apart from the fact that it lacked the suckers described in the script, I thought it looked distinctly rude. I can't say here what I told him I thought it looked like! I insisted it had to change. (Actually, I still have this bust; it used to reside in my dining room, but I then discovered it put my guests off their food!)

The non-speaking Haemovores were a good bunch, but, of course, once they were clad in their garb – false heads, wigs, claws and so on – no-one could recognise them. So, to help Nick direct their movements, costume designer Ken Trew and his assistant, Andrew Duckett, gave each one a name reflecting its appearance: Claire Rayner, Demis Roussos, the Grace Brothers, the Biograph Girl, Mary Quant, Mrs Bridges, Popeye . . . This gave rise to instructions such as, "Can Mrs Bridges stand near Claire Rayner, please?" or, "Can Mary Quant come between the Grace Brothers?"

I don't know why, but we had a Dalek with us at Crowborough; there was a photo shoot for something or other. The NAAFI on the camp made a fortune at lunchtimes serving 'Whisky Macs' to us all – a mix of Scotch and ginger wine which really keeps you warm. When the NAAFI newspaper wanted a photograph for its next issue, the Dalek duly obliged.

Several of the structures we'd built on location – the exit from the mine-shaft, for example, and the entrance to the laboratory – literally sank into the ground with the amount of bad weather we experienced. Even now, when looking at the tape, you can see that they appear to be slightly out of scale with everything else, but it was impossible to dig them out!

The underwater filming was strange. I could still talk to the cameraman underwater, but of course he couldn't talk back to me. There was a tiny little monitor in the boat for me to watch, and because the water was so cold, we would line up the shots with our effects team clad in wet-suits and only put the artistes in the freezing water at the last minute. We tried to keep the number of takes to a minimum, not always successfully, but everyone in the water was exceedingly patient. The person who should have been near the submerged Viking longboat, pretending to be dead, didn't feel comfortable with the idea, and so one of the effects boys, John, volunteered. Now, John is not black, but most certainly not white; all eyes in the boat turned on me. There was no time to go back to shore to get someone else, but would there really be black Russians in the Second World War? I made the decision there and then: "White him up!" I ordered. When John laughed, I knew I hadn't offended him.

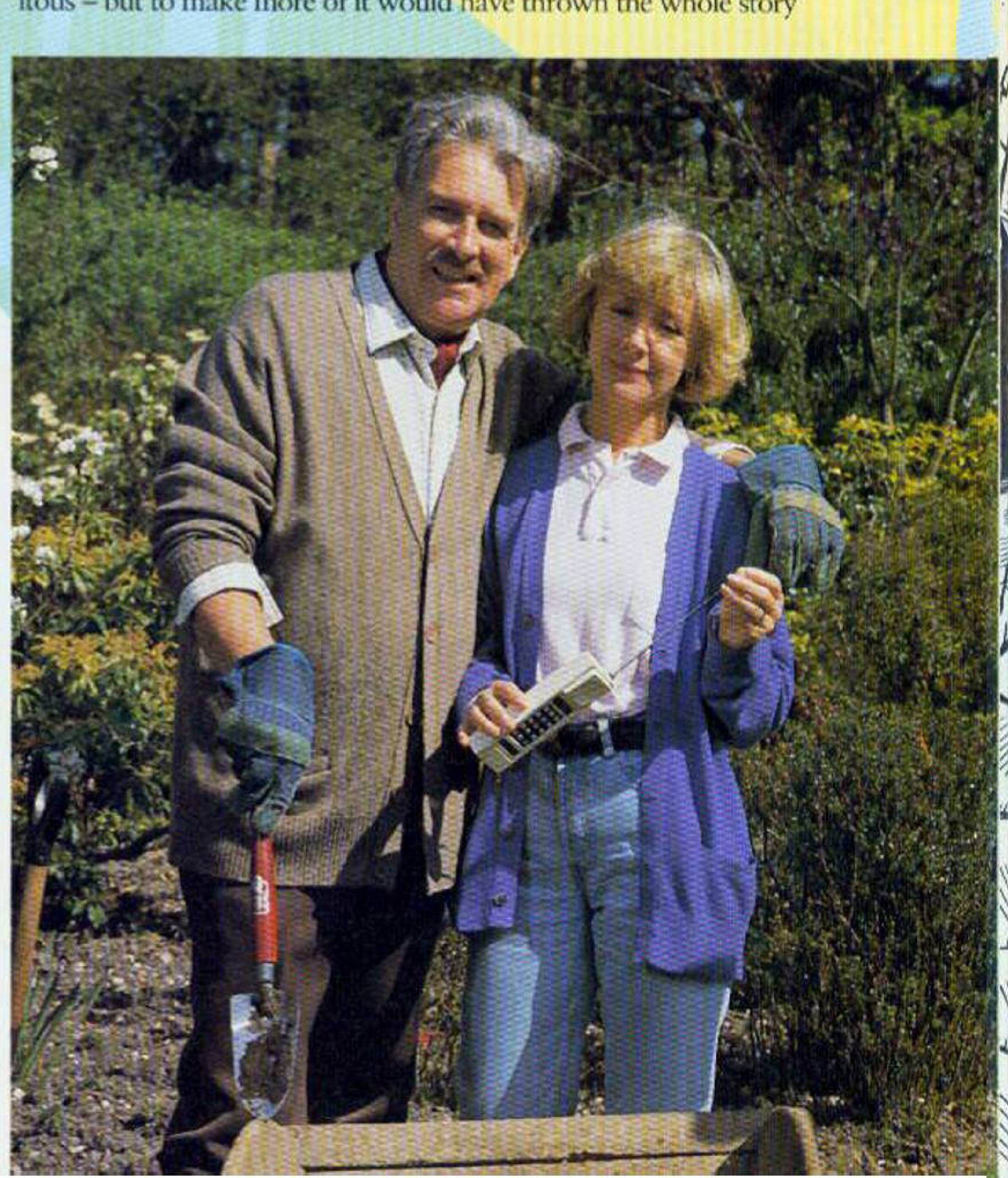
BATTLEFIELD

Now and then, when things were relatively quiet, I'd spend a day or two meeting directors I didn't know – chatting with them, looking at their showreels – and built up a list of directors new to the show whom I felt would be both up to the task and able to make a particular and personal contribution to the programme. On this list was Michael Kerrigan, an experienced director of children's programmes. He had limited drama experience, but was keen as mustard to move further into the area.

Some months previously, I'd asked Nicholas Courtney if he'd join us for another story; he'd agreed. When he was offered a splendid part in a theatre play, I offered to release him but Nick, being the gentleman he is, wouldn't hear of it. "No, I gave you my word," he said.

> ***Both Andrew and I felt the death of the Brig to be a little gratuitous, so we abandoned the idea.***

I'd explained to Nicholas that the audience was to see the Brigadier's beloved Doris at last – and wondered how he'd feel about the Brig being killed off. Nick was quite happy about the whole thing and the way it was to be done, which I'd described as being "in a display of terrific heroics". Then, after another of those famous leaks, the fans had got hold of the story and distorted it. At the same time, however, we were reading a draft of Ben's script, and both Andrew and I felt the death of the Brig to be a little gratuitous – but to make more of it would have thrown the whole story out of balance, so we abandoned the idea. I'm glad we did.



Right: At last – the happy couple: Mr and Mrs Lethbridge-Stewart (Nicholas Courtney and Angela Douglas) in *Battlefield*. Photo © William Sykes

Above: The Doctor and Ace with the Doctor's, erm, 'sprightly yellow roadster'. Photo © William Sykes

I'd worked with Angela Bruce on *Angels*. Apart from being a splendid actress, she has a wonderfully raucous laugh – and was christened the Brigadette (by Nicholas, I think). Jimmy Ellis was another of those actors whom I'd offered parts to before; previously, the dates had never worked out, so I was delighted that he was free to play Warmsly. When he arrived at the 'Gore Crow Hotel' location, he was so taken in by the designer's signs and dressing around the front that he assumed it was a genuine hotel, and went for a look around. There was nobody downstairs, so he headed up the staircase and started inspecting the top floor, thinking it an idyllic setting to bring his family to at a later date. When he was discovered by the owner of the house in one of the bedrooms he was acutely embarrassed!

Jean Marsh was someone else we'd tried to bring back to the programme before. Jean was a delight, and, in fact, when this story was launched as the opener of the new BBC1 season, neither Sylvester nor Sophie were free, so Jean joined me and did the press and publicity bit.

I got to supervise more second unit shooting on this story, my fondest memory being an interior car shot: five people in a Land Rover and about half-a-page of dialogue. Later, a great deal of mirth was had at our expense, because we just couldn't get this simple one-shot scene right. Tree reflections blocked out faces at first, then light reflections . . . by the time we'd done ten takes, all for technical reasons, hysteria had set in amongst the actors, and they just couldn't get through it. Take followed take followed take . . . when we did finally have a good take the actors cheered so loudly that they ruined the main unit's sound-take – from a couple of hundred yards away!

For financial reasons, we had to cut or substitute quite a lot of stunts. For example, when two people were required to leap out of the way of an approaching vehicle, we used regular non-speaking artistes and a lens that made the vehicle look far closer to the pedestrians than it actually was. No danger, so no stunt.

In studio, we started running very short of time. At the end of Part One a wall was supposed to tumble down as the knights marched in. Throughout the years I'd always told production managers *not* to instigate recording orders where the final scenes were essential to the plot. "Talk to the script editor and ask, if push comes to shove, whether any scenes could be mounted in another set that has yet to be recorded, for example." Sometimes these conversations took place, sometimes they didn't. In this case, however, we were shooting a vital scene that couldn't take place anywhere else last thing at night and over-running. I suggested we alter the angle, cut the wall effect and add a noisy entrance on the dub. It's not ideal, but we had a limited over-run and we couldn't afford to bring the set back, nor to store it for a fortnight.

Then, of course, there was the terrible business involving the water tank, where Sophie only narrowly avoided serious injury after the glass cracked and threatened to shatter. Fortunately the action of yanking her out of the tank, as though she'd been fired from a cannon, had been rehearsed – but it was Sylvester, by raising the alarm, who saved the day. What happened was then used as part of a training video on TV studio safety (sections of the action were, of course, included in our final programme). The reason it happened? The contractor who had built the tank had not used the precise thickness of glass specified, hence it gave way under the pressure of the gallons of water. Now, dear reader, you would think that any subsequent flak would be heading towards the contractor – or the designer, perhaps, for not checking, or the production manager, who is, after all, in charge of artistes' safety on the studio floor. Not so. The previous year the powers that be had deemed that the producer was where the buck stopped in terms of safety, whether he was there in person or not. So I had to deal with the whole matter. (It may surprise you to learn that I wouldn't know one millimetre from another . . .)

SURVIVAL

I'd been so delighted by Alan Wareing's efforts on *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* that I was determined to invite him back to do something that wasn't recorded in a tent! I offered him the two three-part stories of the season.

Rona Munro had written a splendid script – Rona being another of Andrew's fine suggestions. I seem to recall that the Master was incorporated at our request.

We decided to give Anthony Ainley a new Master costume – well, he'd been running around in that velvet penguin suit, or versions thereof, for years. We'd also felt that the velvet may be too hot in the exposed wide-open areas of our quarry in Dorset. I approved the design and, looking at it recently, someone drew my attention to the motif on the belt – a snake! Happy coincidence, or a charming, deliberate piece of continuity picked up in the recent TV movie?

Make-up designer Joan Stribling had won an award for a version of *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, and was consequently something of an expert when it came to designing animal heads and the like – but when Alan and I saw the make-up test for our Cheetah People just a few days before production was due to start, we weren't totally happy. They looked far too cuddly, and we had them adjusted, repainted and otherwise altered to make them appear a great deal more menacing. I know some fans have dubbed this story "Revenge of the Care Bears" – but if you'd seen the originals, you'd have been calling it "TARDIS at Pooh Corner"! Incidentally the Cheetah People's 'costume' sections were adapted from the Outsiders' costumes from *The Invasion of Time*, then still held in the BBC's costume store.

Working in Perivale, from whence Ace supposedly hailed, was extraordinary. The area where we were was very suburban and quite isolated. Every day, children arrived in droves the minute school finished; some were extremely rowdy, but Sylvester and Sophie kept them entertained.

The little girl who played Squeak, Adele Silva, was charming, but when she appeared on set for the first time, she was dressed as though she was going to a party with ribbons and ringlets and so on. So she was despatched to be made to look more 'urchin' and less 'Violet Elizabeth'.

I'm not sure whose idea the casting of Hale and Pace was – probably Alan's, although I totally approved.

Below: The Doctor attempts to distract the Cheetah People in *Survival*; the Master (Anthony Ainley) is not impressed. Photo © BBC Video

Right:
Sylvester McCoy takes time out from recording *Survival* to pose with a legend of the small screen – John's dog Pepsi.
Photo © BBC Video

Far right, inset:
A Cheetah person meets the entrepreneurial kids of Perivale.

Below:
Good hunting: one of the Cheetah People astride his horse.
Photos © Mark Wyman

Gareth and Norman leapt at the opportunity and joined us for most of one morning on location in Perivale. We'd originally offered Gareth the role of Len and Norman the role of Harvey, but they asked to swap parts, which we agreed. I don't think we'd thought about the connection to their infamous 'microwaved cat' sketch, but we were soon to attempt to capitalise on it. And, on the subject of cats, the first day we saw the model animatronic cat do its bit, Alan and I altered the schedule and sent it away to be revamped. It was never totally ideal.

The *real* cats, handled by two charming ladies, were quite time-consuming; one can train dogs to act, but cats normally do exactly what *they* want to when the tape starts rolling. One day the 'real' black cat just wouldn't perform, and the production manager discovered one of the young children who'd gathered around, looking on, had a supposedly talented black cat. The boy came to us with his cat, which did what was required of it superbly. The young lad was paid for his trouble – and that was that, we thought. Having heard the rustle of £5 notes, the youngsters of Perivale dispersed, returning shortly after with dozens of diversely-coloured moggies!

My dog, Pepsi, appeared in *Survival*. It was her last TV appearance; she died, not long after, at the ripe old age of 19. Alan had wanted the 'dog' sequence shot in one take: dog enters, sniffs various tins, returns to a designated tin, eats – and the Doctor shouts at the dog, which pays him no attention. I talked to the AFM, and told her to put small chicken pieces in the tin. It worked like a dream! Pepsi did everything that was required of her and got a round of applause from the unit and cast. Alan Wareing, who reads this magazine regularly, asked how I could train a dog to ignore all the shouting. I, basking in Pepsi's reflected glory, said, "She was given the note. She's a professional, with a long list of credits." Well, Alan, I'll now confess – Pepsi, at this late stage of her life, was deaf!

The weather during the quarry shoot was unbelievably hot and everyone got irritable – especially those covered in fur, despite their being constantly plied with cold drinks, water and ice. The poor Cheetah People had to drink through straws; they couldn't get cups or cans near their mouths. One of the female Cheetahs threw a complete wobbly one day and cast off her 'face' with one great rip – much to the distress of the make-up ladies – and said she'd had enough for the day! I ensured she was taken straight back to the hotel, checked out and put on a train back to London. We'd had enough of her for the week!

One evening, we journeyed to Weymouth with a skeleton crew to record various shots of the house to be featured in *Ghost Light*, placing our own prop gates in the front of the drive.

The morning of the last day of the shoot, when we were due to both record *and* travel home, I was in discussion with our OB engineering managers. There was likely to be a strike involving all OB crews, and they thought there'd be a telephone instruction at 3.30pm ordering them to down tools. If this happened, *we* had to stop, obviously, but the OB crew couldn't even drive the vehicles back to London; *they* would have to get home by other means – and all the OB vehicles would have to remain on site 'til the strike was over, when we'd all have to come back. As we were going virtually straight into rehearsals of *Ghost Light*, this would pose tremendous problems. I talked to Alan, who agreed we might just be able to finish at 3.15pm, if everyone worked at break-neck speed. No-one on the show wanted to have to come back for just a couple of hours' work!

Normally, cables and rigging are packed away at the end of the day . . . well, suddenly the location became the tidiest I'd ever seen. People were packing up as they went along. You see, what was essential was that the OB vehicles were travelling home by 3.30pm, because their telephone wouldn't have to be switched on (it would have been totally wrong to switch off the OB scanner 'phone during shooting). By lunchtime, thanks to everyone's efforts, we were left with one scene to do – a tightly contained scene between the Master and the Doctor (the one where the Master howls, I think). We wrapped at 3.10pm, people moved like the clappers, and stuff was being shunted left, right and centre. I drove away at 3.25pm, realising that mine was the last but one vehicle to leave, and had a very satisfactory journey home, overtaking a caravanserai of huge trucks – and was tooted by OB staff giving me the thumbs-up sign. The drivers and assistants, having partaken of their necessarily early tea, were merrily knocking back doughnuts and jam tarts in the vans.

GHOST LIGHT

Yet again, a magnificent cast. Alan, who'd worked on *Rockcliffe's Babies*, had suggested Ian Hogg. *Black Orchid*'s Michael Cochrane made a well-deserved return appearance, alongside Sharon Duce, the wonderful John Hallam (whom I hadn't worked with since *The Pallisers*), and the magical Sylvia Syms. I was determined that Inspector Mackenzie should be played by an actor associated with a police series, so we invited back *Z Cars*' Frank Windsor, whom Alan and I both knew so well.

It was a fascinating script written by Marc Platt, another highly talented individual spotted by Andrew Cartmel. The whole piece had a decidedly uncomfortable feel thanks to the text and Alan's direction.

Ken Trew designed the costumes for this story, plus both *Survival* and *Fenric*, and was a major part of the Season Twenty-Six team. Money, as usual, was a major concern, and Ken very proudly announced to me that he had rediscovered a costume he'd designed for *The Onedin Line* which, much to his chagrin, had never properly been shown off on screen. "What a waste," he cried, "so I'm adapting it to fit Sophie, and saving you money – you owe me a drink!"

Perhaps because it was such a small company and, apart from the exterior shots of the house, shot entirely in the studio, that the atmosphere was so good throughout the shooting of this, my last recorded story. Mind you, I had that wretched song *That's the Way to the Zoo* on my brain for weeks!

The first day we saw the model cat do its bit, Alan and I sent it away to be revamped. It was never totally ideal.

On one of the studio days Sylvia Syms was called early for costume and make-up but, due to problems which caused a rescheduling, we didn't use her 'til quite late in the day. During the eighties some young actors had been heard to complain that they were often 'hanging around' on set and doing next to nothing. (Odd really – they were being *paid* to do nothing and, often, the 'hanging around' resulted in overtime.) Yet, when the production manager, rightly respectful of Miss Syms and her amazing film career, apologised for having called her so early, she said, "I'm of the old school, dear. You can keep me here as long as you want – I'm working!"

Sharon Duce, who played Control, is the partner of Dominic Guard (*Terminus*' Olvir), and she absolutely insisted on doing her own stunt, crashing through the sugar-glass window. She wouldn't hear of a double, and got a tremendous round of applause from the crew.

Originally, this story had featured no 'monsters' as such, but Andrew and I had asked Marc to include some (after all, alien monsters are part and parcel of the show). At the time we commissioned this story I had no firm plan as to the final running order of the season – and if *Ghost Light* had proven to be the last screened, I definitely wanted some monsters. The 'husks' were the result.

Every year I had to edit a promotional package to be shown at BBC1's Drama launch. I usually wrote a top-and-tail sequence featuring the Doctor and companion, which I directed myself, and then cut in a number of clips featuring monsters and star guests. The whole thing couldn't last more than a minute-and-a-half, so it had to be very rapidly cut. Special music was added, often composed by Keff McCulloch. Naturally, the Head of Drama had to approve these highlight packages, and I remember him asking for the shot of the husks to be removed; he thought they looked "bizarre". It amused me to a certain degree – the Haemovores and the Destroyer were fine, but the husks were bizarre? Oh, well . . .

I was very pleased with this story; being a period piece, it proved once again the BBC's on-going ability to do this kind of drama so well. The settings, costumes and make-up were excellent; the set dressings so aptly and carefully chosen. A first-rate cast, and an intriguing yarn. This was the end, but the moment had been prepared for . . . and, do you know, I have absolutely no recollection of us having a party.

Survival was transmitted last. The final speech of the final episode was written by Andrew Cartmel, and even now it brings a lump to my throat. It was the end of my era. Time to move on, time to re-evaluate the show, and time for a new person in the hot seat. It was time indeed.

Alan Wareing and I took out an option on a marvellous book which we were developing; the BBC were making charming noises about the project in our direction so, for me, the end wasn't as painful as you might think. I'd been attempting to get off the *Doctor Who* merry-go-round for many, many years, and Alan and I were genuinely excited about our new project. Andrew and I had several ideas at various stages of readiness, too – one favourite being an exposé drama concerning the world of fine art. As the months passed, many of these projects bit the dust; such is the way of the TV world . . .

Inset:
The cast of *Ghost Light* during recording.

Left:
Katherine Schlesinger as Gwendoline in *Ghost Light*.
Photos © BBC Video

So, the show was having an extended break, and was going to be re-thought; all I hoped was that I wouldn't go down in history as the man who killed off *Doctor Who*. I didn't want *Survival* to be the end of the series for ever.

I hoped I wouldn't go down in history as the man who killed off Doctor Who.

I got my wish – but I didn't dream it would take so long before more *Doctor Who* was made. It should never have been off the air for so long. Let's hope there is soon some positive news about the series; as I write, I've just heard that *Doctor Who* has been voted 'Best Popular Drama' in the BBC's 60th anniversary awards. Things could be looking up!

Several months before I left the *Doctor Who* office once and for all in August 1990 – more than 13 years since I'd started working full-time on the series! – I was approached by Penny Mills of BBC Video, who had heard that a lot of *The Curse of Fenric* had been left on the cutting-room floor, and asked me to re-edit the story for the video market. I insisted director Nick Mallett be involved also, and we did all our preparatory work together, re-inserting as much as possible, adapting the soundtrack and adding the small amount of new music we could afford. We did the edit and agreed to dub the show somewhere off Oxford Street. However, Nick didn't turn up to this session and has never to this day told me why.

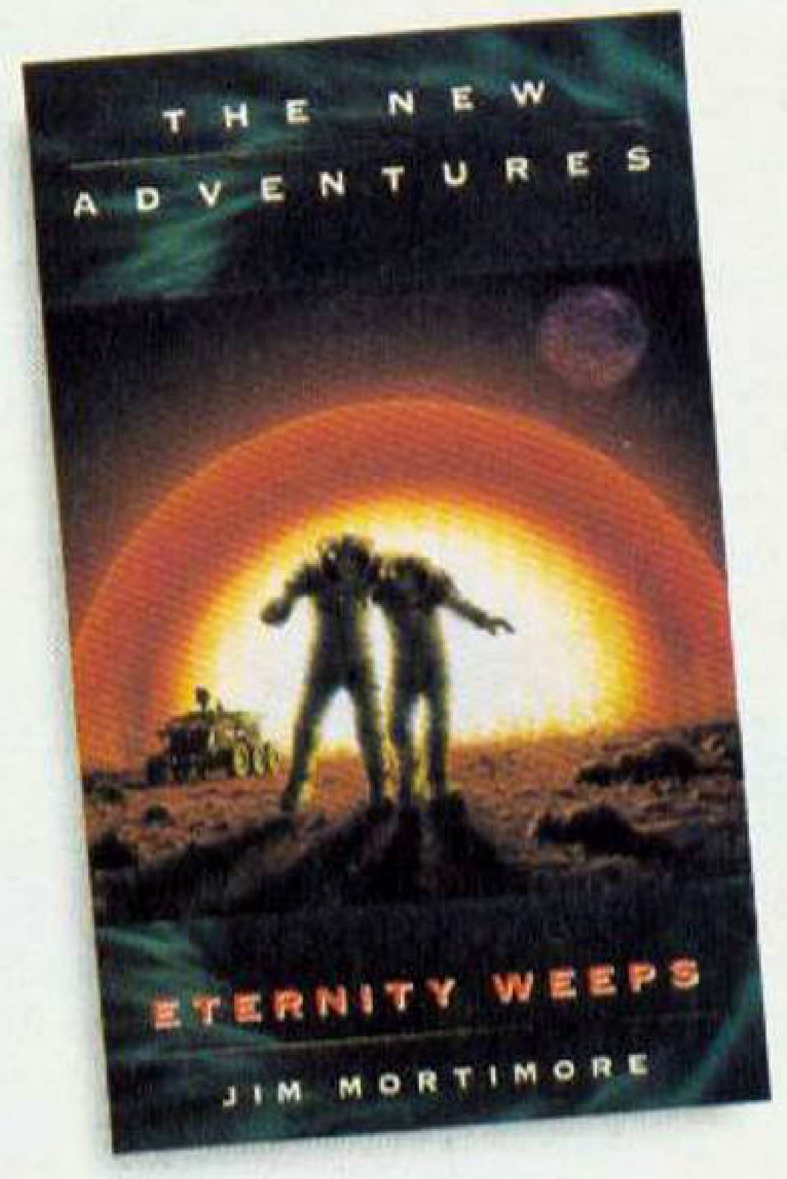
Anyway, BBC Enterprises were very pleased with the end result, and wanted me for some other projects. I could only commit myself to three months' work – I was due to have an operation – but agreed to join them. How three months turned into two years I shall deal with in the next issue – plus the reason why I stopped going to conventions for a similar period, the *Broadcasting at its Best* show starring Tom Baker, Jessica Martin and Hugh Lloyd, 'A Quiet Day In The Country' with Nicholas Courtney, David Roden, and the Cybermen . . .

And, of course, the infamous 3D *EastEnders* meets *Doctor Who* special *Dimensions In Time*; you'll hear what Sylvester McCoy yelled to the entire cast and crew in Albert Square. As Grant might say to new missus Tiffany: "Cancel yer 'olidays, darlin' – the next instalment's gonna be packed!" ◆

Shelf Life

The Doc finds a deadly device,
Bernice's romance turns to ice,
Chris Cwej heals his sores,
In a room with no doors –
Dave Owen is in paradise!

ETERNITY WEEPS



I was surprised to see Jim Mortimore's name back on the list of *New Adventures* writers, given the dissatisfaction he's expressed with his last contribution, *Parasite*. He returns with *Eternity Weeps* (ISBN 0426 20497 2) which, in contrast to *Parasite* – a book I found an ordeal to finish – is arresting throughout.

The novel opens, unusually, with an account of the casualties and damage wrought by its events. Pleasingly, the narrator is Bernice Summerfield, the former *New Adventures* companion soon to herself become the series' central character. My pleasure intensified when I realised that not just this preface, but the entire book is written in the first person; the narration switches between Bernice and husband Jason in alternate chapters. I can't see why this powerful technique has been so underused in Virgin's *Doctor Who* fiction, since it conveys the companion's traditional role – as a character whose thoughts we are privy to, and whose background and motivation we should be able to identify with – so well. Use of the first person puts the reader right into the story, and makes the events described all the more vivid; it was back in 1973 that I read my first ever *Who* novel, David Whitaker's *Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure With the Daleks*, but Ian Chesterton's personal observations of the Doctor still linger.

Use of the first person puts the reader right into the story.

There are superficial similarities here to Jim's earlier work; as in *Lucifer Rising* and *Parasite*, the story starts with an ill-fated research expedition going into a lethally dangerous environment. The setting, at first, is Turkey circa 2003: Bernice and Jason join two separate expeditions which have set out to find the remains of Noah's Ark. One of these is led by a former moon astronaut who has returned to Earth and got religion; the character is suspiciously similar to one in Julian Barnes' *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters* – and although the precise reason for this is a mystery, I reckon a proper literary allusion to be worth a thousand *Star Trek* in-jokes. The immediate threat to the expeditions is far from fantastical, being from posses of trigger-happy Iranian and Iraqi troops who seem to be after the Ark as well.

Bernice and Jason summon the Doctor for help – and discover that what lies on Mount Ararat is not merely a biblical relic, but an ancient artefact the existence of which both NASA and UNIT are already well aware. The action shifts to the moon – where Bernice, improbably, encounters the (recently) ubiquitous Liz Shaw – and then back six billion years to a remote star system where all the trouble began. *Eternity Weeps* is certainly ambitious, and succeeds by never stopping for breath. There may be a few improbable coincidences, not to mention overly fortuitous escapes, but such is the pace that the reader doesn't have time to dwell on these.

The finale is reminiscent of the recent film *Outbreak*, with a deadly airborne plague, some death-defying helicopter rides – and a couple whose marriage is in trouble. Far from being flung together in the face of adversity, Jason and Bernice are finding each other hard to live with, and the change of viewpoint every chapter illustrates this in a fulsome, and rather poignant, manner.

This is the first *New Adventure* without the *Doctor Who* logo on the cover; since the Doctor hardly appears, it qualifies as very nearly a solo Bernice story. So well-defined is her character now that I have no doubt that the *New Adventures* will continue to thrive once they have dispensed with the Doctor altogether. A return to form, then, for Jim Mortimore.

Eternity Weeps
by Jim Mortimore

You guessed it.

Jason flaming Kane.

There is a God and she definitely hates me.

Jason smiled – that idiotic smile he gets whenever he's been naughty and needs to apologize.

I hit him with the Summerfield combo: a two-minute French kiss immediately followed by a straight left to the jaw.

The combo left him grinning like an idiot and bleeding from both nostrils.

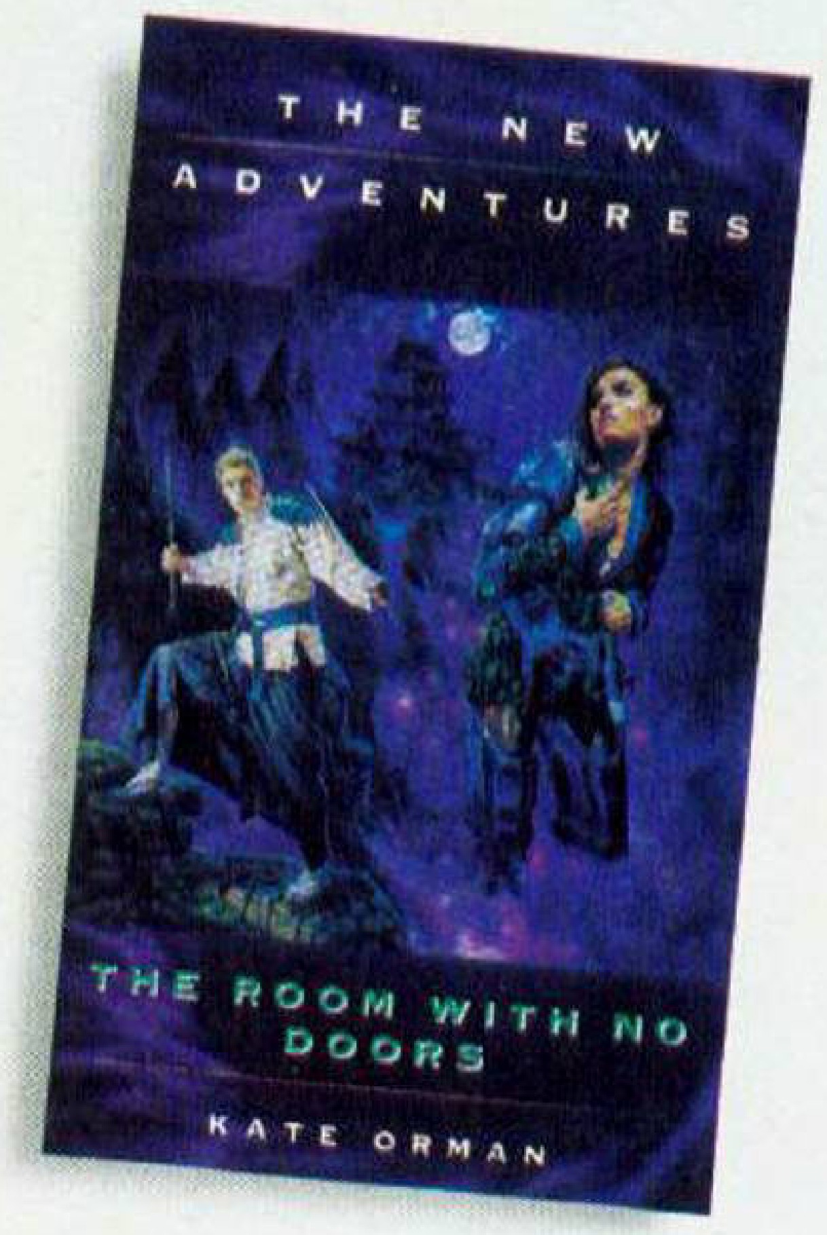
"That's because I love you and that's because I hate you," I told him as I walked into the hotel. "And don't forget the bags."

I tried not to let him see me crying.

THE ROOM WITH NO DOORS

I've found all of Kate Orman's four previous *New Adventures* to be diverse to the point of distraction. The 'first novel syndrome' noticeable in a few *New Adventures* – where authors cram as many different themes and ideas into their books as possible, lest their publication prove to be a one-off – has persisted in her work (although I suspect this is attributable to an eclectic taste in research, rather than any real fear of professional curtailment). Happily, her latest, *The Room With No Doors* (ISBN 0 426 20500 6) takes a narrower focus, perhaps enforced by its setting in ages-past Japan – but it's no more a Samurai Warrior epic than her previous *Return of the Living Dad* was an everyday story of rural Berkshire folk.

The story is actually very simple. The Doctor and Chris, their relationship apparently worsening, have landed in 16th-century Japan. At first this seems to be simply a historical backdrop against which to present a novel about the Doctor and Chris, who is still suffering from recent traumas and needing to recharge his self-confidence. Gradually, however, more unexpected elements appear: stranded aliens, the return of Joel Mintz, one of the fans-within-a-novel from *Return of the Living Dad*, and a Victorian lady time traveller reminiscent of Michael Moorcock's anachronistic adventurers. As a result, by the book's end there has been just as much running around and shouting as in *Return of the Living Dad* – although this does seem a more planned, disciplined effort.



The Room With No Doors *by Kate Orman*

If he had the chance to plan or improvise, he'd always be one step ahead of death. Or Death.

But what if it was something random? Like a stray laser bolt? Something he couldn't predict or control?

What if it was an accident?

Chris glanced at the Doctor, who was scowling at the path in front of them, deep in thought. And he suddenly realised why the Doctor had been so jittery, so angry all this time.

He knew it was coming. He knew he was going to be helpless.

Chris suddenly felt terribly sorry for the old bastard.

A humorous book that is never dull, and frequently delightful.

The room of the title is a recurring nightmare that Chris finds himself trapped in night after night after night. It's also a metaphor for the parts of the Doctor's mind where his earlier selves are locked away after each of his regenerations. Thus the novel foreshadows his forthcoming seventh regeneration strongly – just as *Logopolis* did his fourth – and I'm glad to see that the *New Adventures* are using their opportunity to build up to the end of this incarnation in a way that the television series never could.

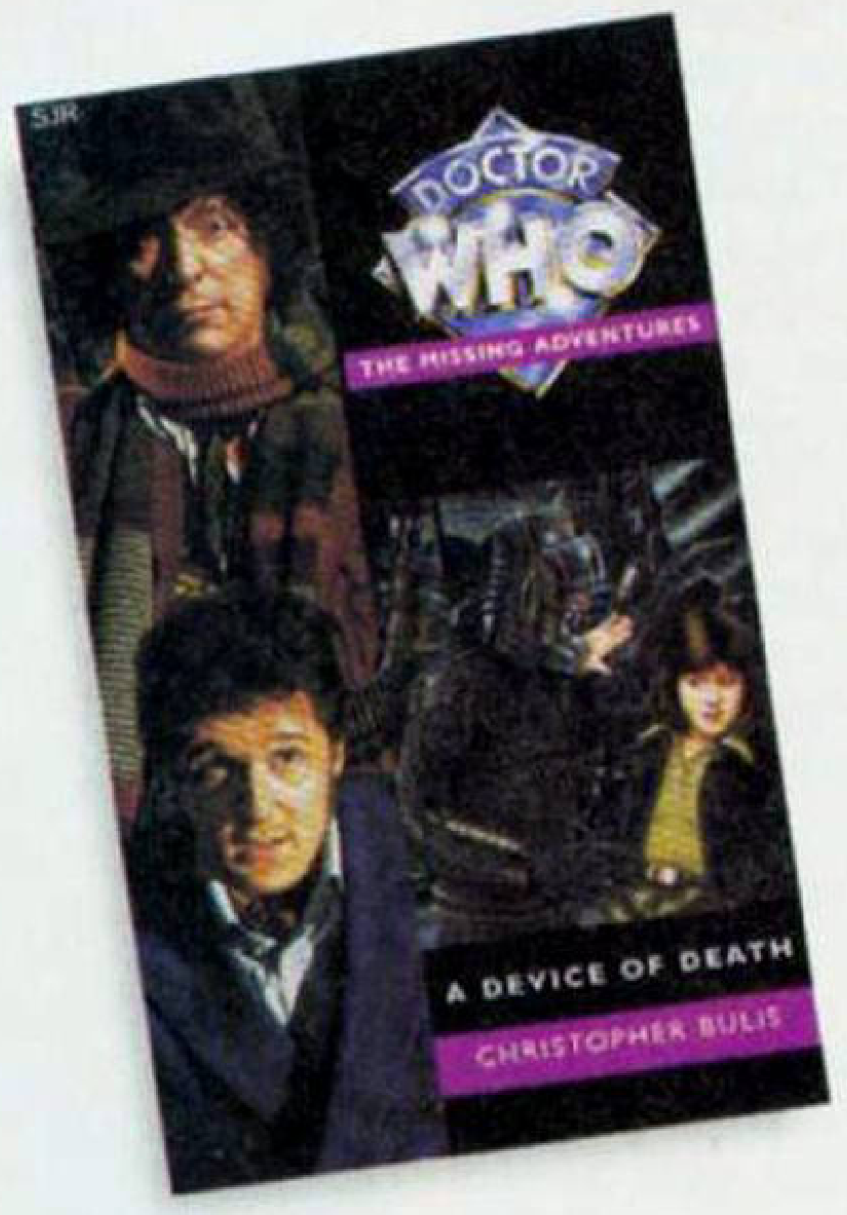
Like *Eternity Weeps*, *The Room With No Doors* employs the first person – although not exclusively – and, most unusually, makes us privy to the Doctor's train of thought. Nevertheless, he's still mainly depicted in terms of others' reactions to him – most charmingly in a Japanese parable, in which he's known as "the snowman".

What distinguishes this novel from all of Kate's earlier books is its purposeful inclusion of genuinely funny situations. A humorous book that is never dull, and frequently delightful; this room may have no doors, but I had absolutely no trouble getting into it. Another return to form.

A DEVICE OF DEATH

Two authors under review this month seem to have bucked their ideas up. Dare one hope for another? Certainly, Christopher Bulis' previous offering, *Twilight of the Gods*, was rather a let-down in comparison to his earlier *Missing Adventures*, partly because the author had lapsed in his otherwise perfect assimilation of the era of televised *Doctor Who* he was writing about. After only a few chapters of his latest, *A Device of Death* (ISBN 0426 20501 4), I was thoroughly relieved to find his work back up to standard.

This is a Fourth Doctor story that fits perfectly between *Genesis of the Daleks* and *Revenge of the Cybermen*. It's an unusual inter-story gap to choose but, on reflection, seems most fitting for a space adventure featuring the Doctor, Sarah and Harry. It does mean, however, that the travellers are deprived of the Doctor's TARDIS for the duration of the book, since they were travelling by Time Ring at this point – less spacious inside, but far easier to park – a necessity which provides an even swifter way than usual to split our heroes up at the outset. They become scattered around the planets involved in a parochial space war that has dragged on in stalemate for years.



All three lead characters are suffering amnesia, which leads to the Doctor lending his help to a group of scientists labouring away in an underground bunker. Their mission is to devise increasingly inhumane weapons to defeat their enemy; their children, meanwhile, grow up to fight in a war they cannot remember the declaration of. The scenario is so similar to *Genesis of the Daleks* that it becomes impossible not to imagine the inhabitants of DeepCity as Kaleds.

Elsewhere in the star system, a captive Sarah joins a slave labour force in a prisoner-of-war camp. Her inevitable escape, assisted by a fellow prisoner, is likewise deeply suggestive of her exploits in *Genesis* – although, for variety, she goes on to reprise her roles in both *Robot* (befriending an automaton) and *The Ark In Space* (trapped, and running out of oxygen). Harry Sullivan, at least, gets to do some honest doctoring – and is captured perfectly by Chris, reminding me of my fondness for the character.

There's nothing wrong, I think, with reusing a few situations from other *Doctor Who* stories, when, as here, the overall storyline is new. The effect of these little dramatic reprises is to immovably cement *A Device of Death* among the no-nonsense adventures comprising Season Twelve. Around that time, Target back cover blurbs hailed *Doctor Who* as 'the children's own series that adults adore', or somesuch – and this book fulfils that remit perfectly. Without recourse to self-conscious and stylised narrative effects, it tells a reasonably complex story simply, describes everything which the main protagonists see or do (including their eventual realisation of what is really happening) – but is never patronising nor condescending to adult readers.

The litmus test of a *Missing Adventure* is whether or not the Doctor feels right. I could hear Tom Baker's voice speaking all the Doctor's lines in *A Device of Death* – exceptionally so when making unsettling snipes to those he perceives to be morally incorrect, or treading a path to their own downfall, such as DeepCity's weapon makers. I'd recommend this novel to anyone – especially if they haven't read a *Doctor Who* book since 1975.

That's three hits in a row. If the *New* and *Missing Adventures* can sustain this closing rally, then BBC Books will have a very hard act to follow . . .

◆

There's nothing wrong with reusing situations from other *Doctor Who* stories when the overall storyline is new.

A Device of Death
by Christopher Bulis

Sarah gradually became aware of sensations again. She seemed to be lying on a bed. Her chest ached and her throat was sore, but she was warm and she could breathe more easily. It felt wonderful.

"Hello, old girl – feeling a bit better now?" said a concerned but familiar voice.

She opened her eyes with a start. A pale blur hovering over her resolved itself into an even more familar square-jawed face. "Harry!" She jerked herself upright and hugged him in delight and relief, much to his evident embarrassment.

"I say, steady on. Got to observe the proprieties of the doctor/patient relationship while you're under my care, you know."

"Keep talking like that, Harry. I thought I'd never hear plain, old-fashioned English again. It's wonderful."

NEVER MIND THE MoRlox

Two of director **Pennant Roberts**' *Doctor Who* projects remain unseen. In the second of a two-part interview he discusses both, plus eighties serials *Warriors of the Deep* and *Timelash*. Asks **Peter Griffiths**: "The Myrka: What Went Wrong?"

Having directed one *Doctor Who* story per season for three consecutive years, Pennant Roberts woke up one morning with a story idea. "I must have written *Erinella* the first time round in the autumn of 1978. It was a four-parter, and the intention was for it to fill the penultimate slot of Season Seventeen. It was a fairly ambitious project, quite high-tech in *Doctor Who* terms, but it was achievable . . .

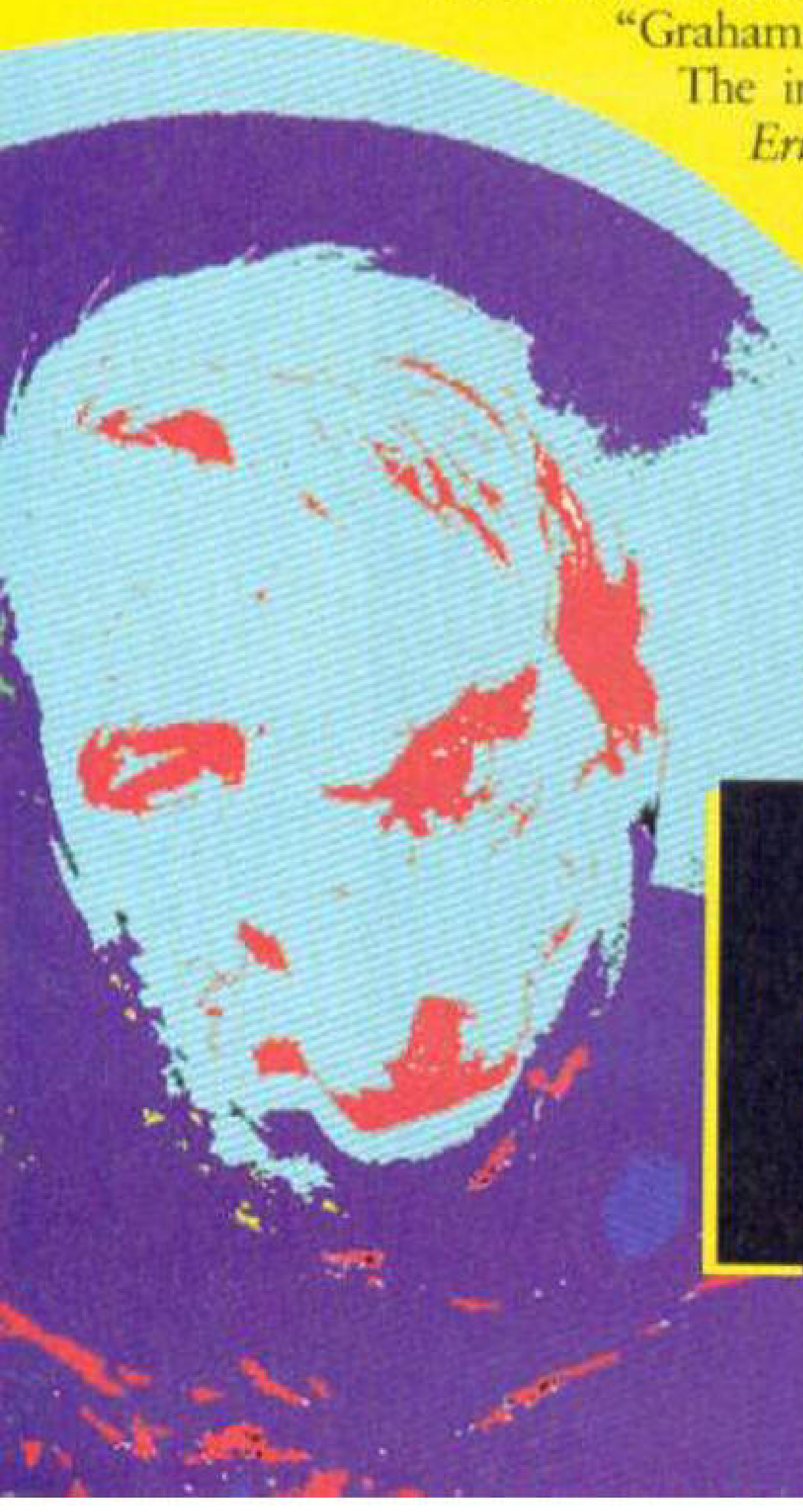
"It was set on this green planet, Erinella, and leaned a little bit on Celtic folklore. It was fairly Gothic. The Doctor arrived to find a planet in turmoil. The prince and his brother-in-law where squabbling over the princess, so there was a lot of intrigue and poisoning of nobles going on. That part of the story was very straight forward, a territorial war between families. The Doctor was suspected as the poisoner in the early drafts.

> "*Shada* was six months down the drain as far as I was concerned."

"Another factor was the dragons. The Doctor went up into the forest and met Og, the keeper of the dragons. Originally there's just the one, but Og drives it on with shouts, making it swell up and split into two smaller dragons in a flash. And so they multiplied in the way an amoeba does and overran opposition by sheer force of numbers. That was where all the chromakey came in!

"Running parallel to this was a conceit involving Time. It may have been breaking one of the golden rules of the series, but the Doctor misoperated the time mechanism on the TARDIS and actually arrived on Erinella some time after he should have. His name was already a dirty word there because of his previous meddling, and so the story became cyclical. He had to redress what he had done, and then at the end of the story arrive at the time he was meant to, with everyone greeting him. It was a back-to-front story.

"Graham Williams, the producer, was very enthusiastic. The intention was that I should complete writing *Erinella* and then immediately start work on *Shada*. I'd told Graham that I didn't think it was right to direct my own story – it was better for somebody else to give it a style. My imagination had run its course in the writing, whereas part and parcel of *Doctor Who* is the director adding another layer of imagination to the script, keeping it dynamic."



Problems arose, however, after Pennant had submitted the first version of the script. "I think what happened was that *City of Death* overran its budget substantially and Graham felt that he wouldn't have the funds in the kitty to make *Erinella*, so it was deferred to the next season. But Graham left the series after *Shada*, and John Nathan-Turner took over. John had been on the production team when *Erinella* was commissioned, and he was pleased with the story and saw how it could be fitted into his first season. But there were different factors to take into account. Romana was leaving the series, so the relationship with the companion would be different. There were also several elements which John felt could be strengthened, and being a novice writer I took note of these. He recommissioned me, and I went back to the drawing board . . ."

Incoming script editor Christopher H Bidmead, however, had some rather radical rewrites in mind. "I remember he thought the cliffhanger to episode one was great, but wanted it to be the cliffhanger to episode three! Having been through two or three drafts before Graham was happy, and another two before John was happy, my story was now getting to the point where arthritis had set in around the joints.

"The story foundered because the suggestions which were being put to me were of such a drastic nature that I couldn't see how to achieve it. I also had another spell of directing work coming up. Bidmead said, 'I don't think there's very much work involved,' but it seemed to me there was, so I thought the best thing might be for him to do it and then let me have a look. At least that way I could understand what he was getting at.

"But that's where it got left, really. I think Chris felt the rewrite was beyond him, and obviously he had ideas of his own he was commissioning. Perhaps he found the Welsh language construction daunting – I'd used Welsh language construction translated directly into English throughout to create the characters' formal mode of speech – but we could easily have rectified any mistakes. My only remaining copy of the script went to Eric Saward during one of my later visitations, and it got stuck in one of the bottomless filing cabinets in Threshold House and disappeared. The paperwork that goes through the BBC every year is immense, so it's probably still in there somewhere. I suppose it's symptomatic of the problems facing *Erinella* that nothing should remain at the end."

Turning his attention to *Shada*, the abortive Season Seventeen finale, Pennant sighs. It was not a happy time. "There was a whole year on *Doctor Who* where nothing I did saw the light of day . . ."

With Pennant calling the shots, *Shada*'s Cambridge location filming was successfully completed in the autumn of 1979 – but had it gone to plan, the story might have looked quite different. "Graham felt that we would never get away with filming *Doctor Who* in Cambridge during the day because there'd be so many people gawping at us, so we set it all up as a night shoot, the chase on the bicycle and everything. We planned it very carefully and we had enough in the bank to talk in terms of two lighting crews, but they were called back to Ealing literally the day before shooting. Consequently everything was switched to day, and I shot the chase in daylight without any problems! I was able to shoot a lot more coverage during the day, and I'd been sceptical as to whether we'd finish doing it at night anyway. But Graham had been so adamant that I couldn't really go against his wishes until *force majeure* intervened.

Left:
Professor Chronotis (Denis Carey), a Time Lord with a secret in *Shada*.

Centre left:
The Doctor (Tom Baker) in the same story.
Photos © BBC Video

> "The *Shada* video release does no justice to the story at all, and does *not* reflect writer Douglas Adams' intent or mine."

"It was just one of those stories which was bugged with troubles from the start. Having recorded the first three-day studio block and got that far, we had to stop work on the day we entered the studio for the second block because of the yearly strike. We had two hours' camera rehearsal in the morning, and then the technical managers and lighting directors were locked out. We immediately began to rehearse for the final three-day block so that if the studios came back on stream, we would only need one five-day studio to complete everything. Graham, who was liaising with the planners, later told us that we couldn't succeed. They'd given *The Morecambe and Wise Christmas Show*'s studios a higher priority than *Doctor Who*'s . . .

"I remember we had a sort of wake once we knew we definitely weren't going into the studio for the last block. We all went to supper. There was some talk of attempting to mount it again in the New Year, but the window between series was quite small. We had to fit it into five weeks, and although Tom Baker, Lalla Ward and the guest actors were all available, they couldn't find the right combination of studio days at Television Centre.

"Going by what had been planned for that first studio session, I really don't know if I'd have had *Shada* completed in the time anyway. It was looking to be a real back-breaker; the special effects would have been very demanding. There were whole reams of camera script where the Doctor noodled Skagra, and arch-criminals from over the centuries appeared from their cryogenic capsules, so there was a lot of hard work ahead of us. Then again, it had all been rehearsed, so it was quite frustrating. It was six months down the drain as far as I was concerned."

Graham Williams left the series on this sad note, so a possible remount became the responsibility of John Nathan-Turner. "John was prepared to give it his best shot to get it all up and running, but he didn't want to jeopardise his run to accommodate a leftover. If Graham had done another season, I wouldn't be at all surprised if we had started by completing *Shada*." But the story would remain in limbo until 1992, when its completed sequences were edited together and released on video with a covering narration by Tom Baker. Pennant found this objectionable. "It was quite galling. We'd done a rough cut on the film, but we hadn't dubbed it, and it shows on the video. The whole concept is tacky, and the editing was extremely ham-fisted. I couldn't keep watching. It does no justice to the story at all, and does not reflect writer Douglas Adams' intent or mine. It's the sort of thing that gets directors very cross, which is why we have to retain the moral right to our work."

Pennant's directorial schedule over the three years following *Shada* included episodes of the popular dramas *Juliet Bravo*, *Tenko*, and a series entitled *Cold Warrior*. In 1983, he was invited

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Above: The Doctor arrives in Cambridge in *Shada.*

Right: The Doctor (Peter Davison) and Tegan (Janet Fielding) cower from the might of the terrifying Myrka in *Warriors of the Deep.*

Far right: One of the noble Silurian Triad from the same story. Photos © BBC Video

back to *Doctor Who*, assigned Season Twenty-One's *Warriors of the Deep* – but he'd find the experience a let-down. "It was meant to be a fairly complicated story, but it wasn't very good. It didn't fit the *Doctor Who* mould on any level. I fancy that it was a *Space: 1999* script which had been translated into the *Doctor Who* format. Once, I was sitting in the gallery with the writer, Johnny Byrne, who had script-edited *Space: 1999*. He said, 'I'm really enjoying this, Pennant. It's so much better than it was last time!' It certainly had the appearance of being a space series which had been arbitrarily transferred underwater. It was just a series of battles, one special effect on top of another."

One of the story's fundamental problems was a lack of time to prepare its special effects. "It's amazing how television has changed. If you had a clash of personnel availability now, you would find someone else, but in those days it was scheduled by the self-administered special effects department. My special effects designer, Mat Irvine, was involved in a production with BBC Scotland directly prior to *Warriors of the Deep*, so I knew from the beginning he would be arriving late. But that series over-ran, so Mat was exceptionally late.

"One of the first things we did was work out an order of execution – and the dreaded Myrka was left to last! We decided we needed a large monster with two people to operate it, so it was designed on the basis of having one controlling the head and one the locomotion. We booked two pantomime horse operators from a BBC kids' programme for a week, envisaging giving them time before the studio to get to know the costume and play around with it.

"Because of Mat's delay and because it was the last piece of work to be started, when my two actors turned up at the special effects workshop at Western Avenue, the costume was far from ready. We'd had urgent little messages at rehearsals saying they were worried about it, and we eventually only got the actors into the Myrka the day before the studio. Then we found they couldn't stand up. It was just too heavy, so we had to lighten the load that night. As we had a fairly strict and ordered schedule in the studio to rearrange scenery, we knew we had to finish with the Myrka at four o'clock on the day because of the number of scenes which had to be recorded afterwards.

"Eventually, somehow, the Myrka made its way to Television Centre. It must have been something like 3.10pm when it arrived in the studio. It was still wet, having been painted in a hurry. I was up in the gallery desperately trying to get scenes onto tape because I knew we had this very real four o'clock deadline, so when it heaved into view around the corner, I can't say I was dead chuffed with it. It was very broken-backed because it was still far too heavy for the actors."

Might the story have been more successful without the Myrka in the first place? "I think so. The fact that we had both Sea Devils and Silurians seemed to me to be enough. The Myrka was not so much the icing on the cake as the lard at the bottom of the pan! It was an additional factor we didn't need to contend with. I know Mat Irvine was terribly unhappy about it. It must have been incredibly frustrating to him and his crew to get something like the Myrka ready after all the problems, and then see it lying in a wet crumpled heap on the floor fifty minutes later with us saying, 'Next!' But that was the pressure we were under."

"The Myrka was not so *much* the icing on the cake as the lard at *the* bottom of the pan!"

With so much going wrong, was it difficult maintaining morale among the cast and crew? "I don't recollect morale being down. There was certainly concern about the quality of the storytelling in rehearsals, when we had to address lots of holes in the script. But once you get to the studio, it's a bit like tossing pancakes. If you toss fast enough, you don't see how thick they are. You just keep going, because you've got new things coming through all the time. Where you're preparing – in places like the make-up room and the costume department – that's where people start muttering. Because the crew knew that much of *Doctor Who* was in the editing anyway, they knew that the right two seconds out of these models or costumes was all that mattered."

Writer Byrne has since expressed dissatisfaction with the production's brightly-lit settings, which he feels negated the moody atmosphere intended. Why, then, were the sets so well-lit? "Johnny's background was in film series, and when you shoot on film, you can light at a lower level. In a video studio, 95% of your lighting is from the top, so it's very difficult to get that murky quality unless you light very selectively and carefully. Television sets have to be lit as areas, not shot-for-shot, because of the high ratio of scenes to hours in the studio. The studio engineers tended not to want to light darkly anyway, because when you go down to black on tape, you risk enhancing the 'noise'. I absolutely agree with Johnny that the lighting was flat, but *Space: 1999* would have been shot at Pinewood by an experienced director of photography with the greater flexibility of lamps on stands. We were very fortunate with the quality of the lighting designers we could attract to *Doctor Who*, but we may well have taken the decision at the beginning that what the script indicated was not achievable on the scale and rate at which we had to do it. So we took a different approach and make it clinically white."

"*Timelash* was a story which *promised* much and delivered little."

Pennant's final brush with *Doctor Who* to date came in 1985 – and he had grave doubts concerning the script for *Timelash*. "It was, again, a story which promised much and delivered little. It was Glen McCoy's first script. The HG Wells storyline was good, but not a lot was made of it. The plot ran out of steam and became samey, and certainly the dialogue was a bit naff and unreal, so there was some rewriting done. It's difficult to create three-dimensional characters in *Doctor Who* because you don't have the normal reference points – a nurse working in a hospital, for example – but some of Glen's characters were very two-dimensional to start with, so they needed more flesh before I set about realising them . . .

Above: The Doctor (Colin Baker) considers the situation on Karfel in *Timelash.* Photo © BBC

"I'd approached Paul Darrow to guest star because, after *Blake's 7*, he was very much a known quantity amongst sci-fi addicts. He was very concerned that he didn't do another Avon, so he had it in his mind's eye to play Tekker in the style of Lawrence Oliver's *Richard III* – as a hunchback. He was very into this, so we spent all our time talking him out of it! You got this rather strange diction from him because it was his version of Richard III *a la* Olivier."

On set, the Timelash portal itself proved to be a headache; the script required artistes to physically tumble into it. "We used to call it going down the tube! Ideally we would have built it over a pit, but you couldn't do that in the studio, so they had to run up a ramp to fall a short way onto a mattress. You had to make them disappear in post-production before they bounced! There was also a scene with a tug of war on a rope snaking inside. We had three prop men hanging on to the other end off the set. To see some of these things executed would be a revelation, I think!"

Unfortunately, changes made to the series' format during this, Colin Baker's first full run as the Doctor, would have major consequences for the serial. "It was the season where they were doing the forty-five minute episodes, but one of the major problems with this script was that it didn't fall into two halves. John Nathan-Turner was very clear on where the cliffhanger should be, but it fell a long way off the middle, at about the sixty minute point. I would have much preferred to create a cliffhanger at the correct point rather than cram in the first half and underrun in the second, but John was adamant. I really don't know why, but he insisted on it. I started pushing scenes I could conceivably hold back into the second part, and that eventually evened it up to about a fifty minute/forty minute split.

"I explained to John that the cliffhanger still needed to fall further back in the story. We could then start the second episode with a good strong sequence up front. But John stuck to his guns, so the first episode was crammed tight and the second was unacceptably short. Eric Saward, the script editor, had to write a filler scene in the TARDIS which was just 'bafflegab' – talking about the weather. We only had twenty minutes during Graeme Harper's studio for the

"Maybe John thought he'd *better* bring back an old hand to knock these clunkers into shape quickly!"

next story to shoot it, so we just wanted to get it over with. I think John was a bit miffed that we hadn't found another way to do it, but he'd vetoed the only real solution."

Pennant's dissatisfaction with his later *Doctor Who* stories is plain. "I never had any problem with Chris Boucher's, Douglas Adams' or Robert Holmes' writing, but the last two stories lacked something. I was quite keen to come back a couple of years after *Shada* and *Erinella* as I didn't want them to be my last taste of *Doctor Who*, but unfortunately the stories I came back to do were the ones I was least happy with. Maybe John thought he'd better bring back the old hand to knock these clunkers into shape quickly!"

Over the last decade, Pennant has added producer credits to his directorial achievements, counting the *Snowspider* trilogy and the *Wycliffe* pilot as two of his more recent successes. He spends a lot of time chairing the Producers' and Directors' Rights Society, and he is also president of an international body of visual authors. On top of this, he has his own production company, packaging seasons of lunchtime plays at local theatres in Cardiff and Bristol.

So, what of a certain long-running science fiction series? "*Doctor Who* was a sort of frippery – fun to do if the stories were good, more of a chore if you were trying to give substance to something which didn't have it. But the fact that they are still bringing out videos of the programmes and launching a new version is testament to the strength of the idea."

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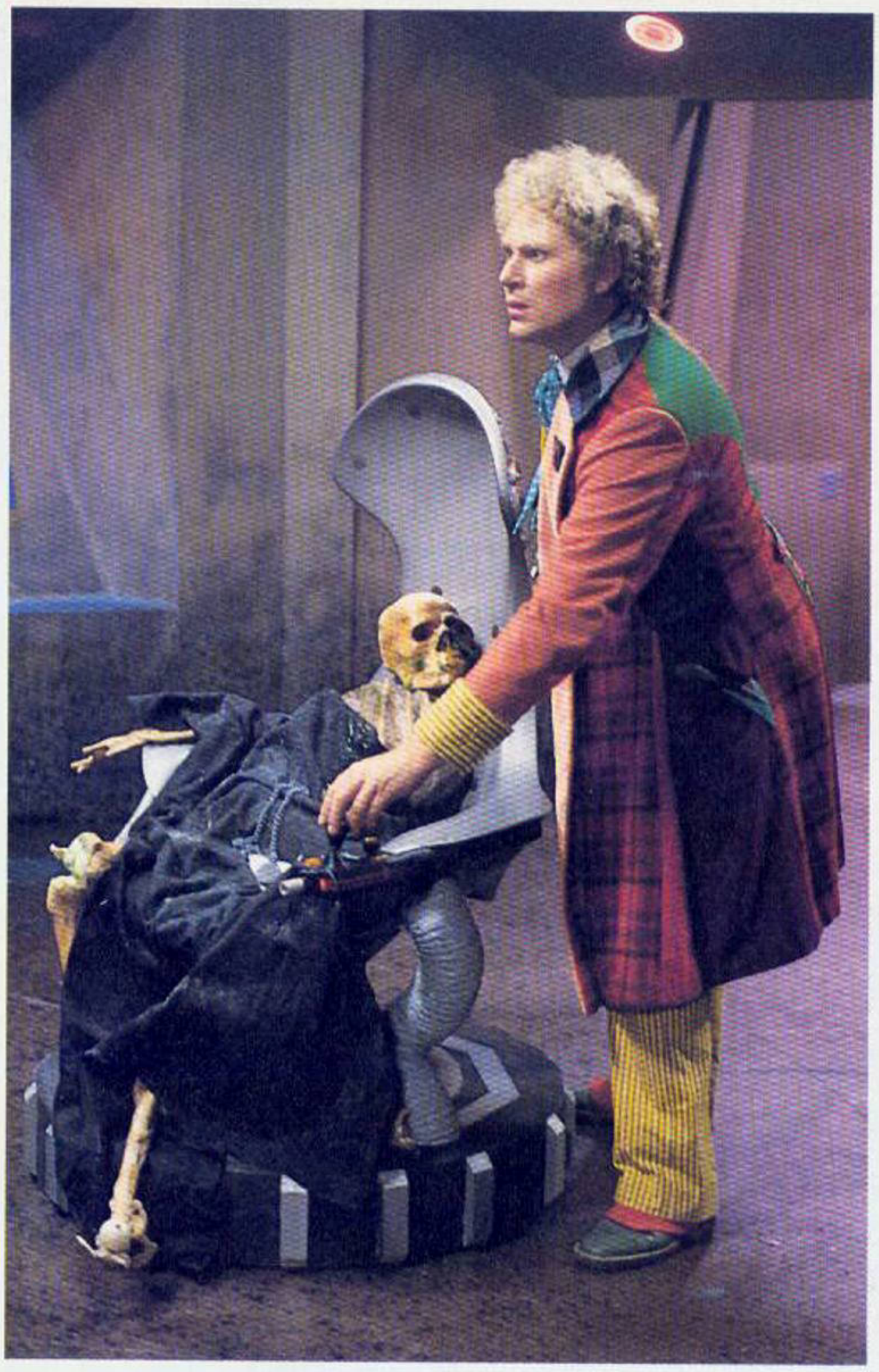

Right: The Doctor discovers the Borad's secrets in *Timelash*. Photo © BBC

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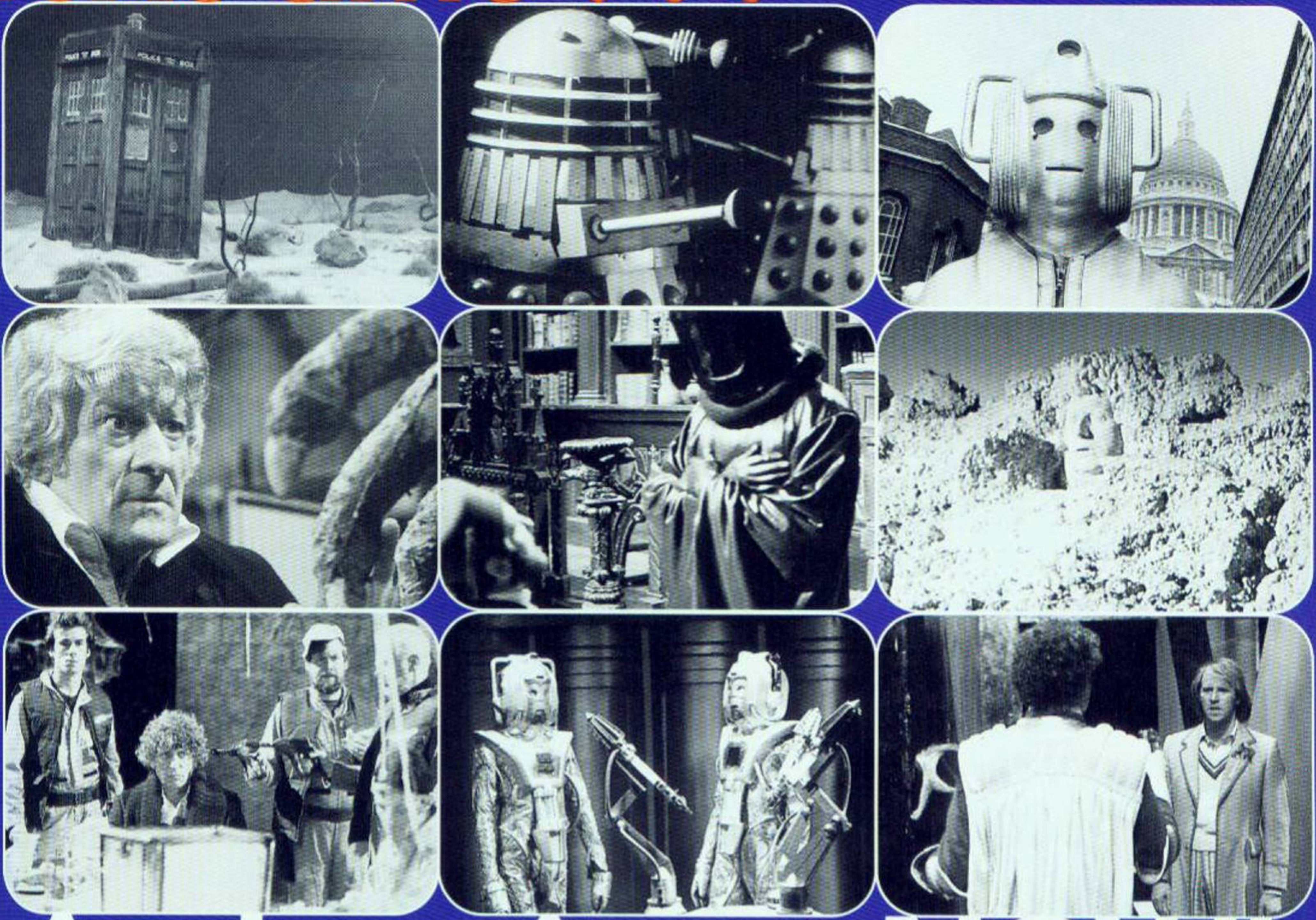

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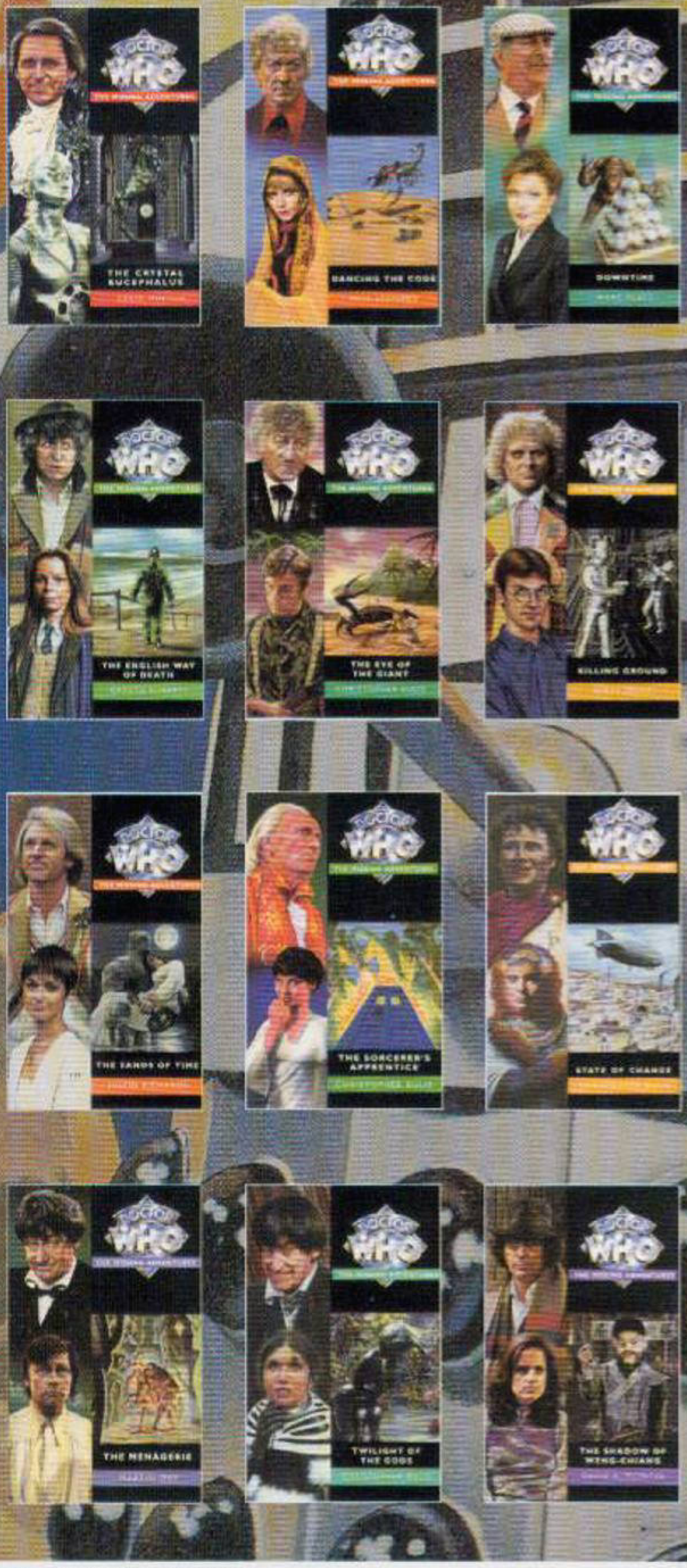

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